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THE PUBLIC SCHOOL UP TO DATE.

One of the most interesting educational publications we have ever seen is the unpretentious pamphlet of thirty-two pages just issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, and entitled "A Comparative Study of Public School Systems in the Forty-eight States." Students of any particular phase of the subject of public education usually find themselves greatly handicapped by the difficulty of obtaining accurate statistical information upon current conditions, and can often do no better in their comparative showings than to set side by side variously dated figures from different parts of the country. This difficulty is due in part to the fact that many school reports are inexcusably belated in publication, and in part to the fact that the method of presenting reports is not standardized, thus making it extremely difficult to determine the relative efficiency of the school systems of the several states in some very important matters. Even the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education are made faulty by lack of timeliness, and by the fact that, in spite of their bewildering array of figures, they are frequently found not to contain the very things that the investigator most wants. The pamphlet now under consideration represents what must have been an enormous amount of labor, and for the first time presents in simple form what may be called a bird's-eye view of present conditions in all the essential phases of the subject.

There are sixteen special showings in this pamphlet, each of them, as a rule, made by means of a graphic chart, a statistical column, and a few pertinent explanatory notes. Take the first of them, for example, which deals with "children in school and out," and it shows us at a glance the relation of the school population of each state to the total child population of school age. The display ranges from Vermont, with 92.7 per cent of her children in school, to Louisiana, with only 55.3 per cent, or a little more than half. A note suggests that "Vermont, Maine, and Connecticut, with more than 90 per cent of the children of school age actually in school, are making better investments in future citizenship than Alabama, Texas, Nevada, and Louisiana, with from 35 to 45 per cent of

their children of school age not receiving schooling." We might easily devote an entire article to this subject alone, or to any other single exhibit of the pamphlet, but at present we can do no more than to pick out suggestive nuggets of fact here and there from this rich mine of pedagogical information.

In the statistics of school revenue the range is from New York, with over fifty millions of annual revenue — almost all of it taxes — to Nevada, with about half a million, or approximately one per cent of what the larger state collects. This represents a far greater discrepancy than the relative populations would warrant, which makes it evident either that New York exceeds its duty, or that Nevada falls short of it. It is interesting to learn that local taxation supports the public schools, from 97 per cent in the case of Massachusetts to only 27 per cent in the case of Georgia. It is highly desirable that the local communities should learn not to look to the state for aid for their schools, and in this matter Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Kansas, who are above the 90 per cent mark, furnish examples that the other states should seek to emulate. Six states get from 10 to 20 per cent of their school income from permanent land grant funds; allowing for this, the honor list of states which do not lean heavily upon state taxation should be considerably increased. But there is not much to be said for the local governments of Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama, which call upon the state to collect and distribute more than half of the funds applied to the purposes of the schools.

There are no more vitally important figures in this statistical exhibit than those which give the investment in school plant, the expenditure per child of school age, the ratio between wealth and school expenditure, and the daily cost of the child's schooling. Massachusetts has put 115 dollars for each of her children into school buildings and grounds; Mississippi has provided the munificent sum of four dollars. This is the best available index for a state of the *past* educational interest of its people. The amount annually spent for each child is from thirty-two to three dollars — in Washington and South Carolina, respectively. A note points the moral: "In the long run, states, like individuals, purchase about what they pay for, not much more and not much less." For each hundred dollars of wealth in the state, the amount paid annually for schools is 75 cents in Oklahoma and 19 cents in New Hampshire. It would seem to be in order for the White Mountain State to quadruple its educational budget without delay, unless it is content to be permanently shamed by what was only a few years ago the Indian Territory. Nevada, which makes a rather poor showing in most respects, comes magnificently to the front in the matter of the daily cost per child in its schools, providing no less than 39 cents, as against the seven cents of Georgia and the Carolinas. Low cost, of course, means cheap teaching, and the wages that we pay our teachers, the conntry throughout, are nothing less than a national scandal.

This latter subject deserves a paragraph of its own, and the statistics of average salary in the forty-eight states show some surprising contrasts. California and Arizona, with averages of 918 dollars and 817 dollars, respectively, set the pace for even New York and Massachusetts, whose averages are 813 dollars and 757 dollars, respectively. North Carolina is disgraced by the fact that its teachers receive salaries averaging only 200 dollars, and this of course means that there are thousands of individuals receiving far less than this average. The average for the entire country is only 485 dollars, which is less than the average for factory workers and common laborers. "The fact that teachers' wages are lower than those paid for almost any other sort of service means that as a nation we are neither asking for nor getting a high grade of service, and that as a nation we place a low valuation on the teacher's work." It seems to be about time for public speakers to stop boasting about our national devotion to education. Stated in aggregates of millions of dollars, the figures are doubtless impressive; stated in any rational way, with reference to the numbers of teachers and taught, or with reference to our resources in wealth and taxation, they constitute a pitiful exposure of our national niggardliness.

We must pass over the exhibits concerned with days of schooling, with compulsory attendance, with school mortality, with illiteracy, with legislation upon building construction, with free text books, and with medical inspection, in order to reach the final showing, which judges each state by the ten most important tests of efficiency, and gives to each a general rank in accordance with the way in which it meets these tests, besides giving in separate columns its rank under each separate test. Taking as an example our own state of Illinois, we find that while its

general ranking is eight, its special ranking is as follows:

Children in school	14
School plant	7
Expense per child	8
School days per child	8
Length of school year	15
Attendance	11
Expenditure and wealth	28
Daily cost	13
High schools	20
Salaries	11

It obviously behooves us as a commonwealth to spend upon education something like twice what we now spend, which would give us third place in the scale, to do much more than we now do for high schools, to lengthen the school year in the rural districts (for it is they that now bring it down to 171 days), and to get more of our children into school. These are the reforms that are ear-marked for us by the pamphlet, and, effectively made, would enable us to feel fairly proud of our state. Of course, as a counsel of perfection, each state of the forty-eight should wish to get into the first place, but as this is obviously impossible, should aim to outdistance as many of the others as possible. "The object of this booklet," we are pithily informed, "is to make the indifferent different." It can hardly fail of this effect upon the mind of anyone who gives it an intelligent examination.

A LITERARY PEACE MOVEMENT.

At a banquet recently held in Paris, when the spectre of a European war had barely been banished, a German speaker proudly asserted that Maupassant was as familiar to German readers as any native modern writer; and a French speaker pointed with pride to the familiarity of French literati with the works of Sudermann and others,—adding, with a shaft of sarcasm directed at his own people, that even the "Faust" of Goethe, long a favorite through the opera of Gounod, was being prepared for production by M. Antoine!

There was enough, however, in the addresses of the evening that called to mind some remarks of Romain Rolland, who perhaps knows his French and knows the Germans as well as any Frenchman or German living:

"We must not indulge in illusions. We are at present more ignorant of the world than the men of the past. Translations of a few foreign novels and a rapid survey of the papers do not suffice to make one penetrate the genius of another people. They only relieve us too easily of any personal effort at knowing them first hand, they favor ignorance, vanity and laziness. Compare with that shabby curiosity the eagerness of mind and the untiring labor of a Voltaire, a Diderot, an Abbe Prévost and their friends, not to mention Leibnitz or Goethe."

There is little doubt that, notwithstanding the greater facilities of travel, the rapid interchange of news through the press and the telegraph, and other features of modern international intercourse, familiarity and sympathy with the intellectual achievements of the neighbors across the Rhine were greater in the period of the Huguenot immigration into Germany, of the royal Francophile Frederick the Great, and of the French encyclopedists, than it is now. If, however, the Germans seem more familiar with French letters than the French with German literature, it is well to remember that the Huguenot element was so thoroughly assimilated in the German people that its influence lingers in many a German town, and in a part of Berlin which they had called Moabit, where French is to this day the dominant language in a college likewise dating from that period. But the violent reaction against anything French which succeeded the Napoleonic invasion of a century ago seems no less justified than the indifference of the French to-day towards German literature of the decades following upon the war of 1870–1. For the patriotism of a people is ever at the beck and call of the powers who need the backing of the mass for the realization of their plans, and the chauvinism of a nation is rooted in ignorance and nurtured by misguided patriotism.

Yet the tide of intellectual sympathies does not always swell and subside with the tide of political developments. Said Ludwig Börne in "Die Wage" in the year 1836:

"The political history of a people is the biography of its egotism, but the literature is the history of its humanitarian life, for it does not stop before legal barriers, or geological frontiers, but leaps across laws, customs, antipathies, and prejudices."

Thus in the wake of the post-Napoleonic Francophobia in Germany had come the romantic school, with its revival of a cosmopolitan culture which had distinguished the writers of the past. In France, Gerard de Nerval had translated "Faust," and had published an anthology of German verse embracing selections from Goethe, Schiller, Bürger, Uhland, Körner, Jean Paul, and Heine. Heine himself had made Paris his home, and wrote for German magazines on French letters, music, and art, and for French reviews on German philosophy and literature. In the course of the century many other less known writers served as mutual literary interpreters between the two politically hostile nations. Rudolf Lindau, the gifted though less popular brother of Paul Lindau, wrote in French and German. The polylingual feuilletonist, A. Mels, who died in Chicago a year after the Columbian Exposition, which he attended as foreign correspondent, had when a resident of Paris in his prime written for German, French, English, and Spanish papers.

With the Franco-German war came a brief reaction against this literary internationalism in both countries. But the generation of Germans that grew

up after the glamor of military glory had faded again sought in France the source of much of its inspiration, and trained its literary talents upon the models of French masters, foremost among them Zola. Nor was the younger generation in France slow at recognizing the one great personality that rose above the horizon of the new German empire — Nietzsche, who with the penetrating searchlight of his genius covered the world's culture, past and present, and found it "all too human." Through him was revealed to independent French thinkers the intellectual revaluation that had begun in Germany, when the glitter of the wealth acquired by the war had vanished and symptoms of intellectual stagnation and moral decadence had begun to appear. Nietzsche introduced the young Germans to the philosophy of Gobineau and to the subtle art of Stendhal-Beyle. He was an admirable mediator between Teuton and Gaul, and a light-bearer to both.

But while the French intellectuals studied Nietzsche's philosophy, the literature which followed in the wake of his iconoclasm remained practically unknown in France. Of that young Germany which gives such striking proofs of his far-reaching influence, and of the lessons learned from Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Zola, only Gerhart Hauptmann has reached a French audience eager to know something of the forces at work in the literature of the so-called arch-enemy across the Rhine. Even of the extent of German interest in French letters, of the amazing number of German editions of French authors, the French themselves are supremely ignorant. For chauvinist currents are strong in the intellectual world of France. Even the faculty of German letters at the Sorbonne was made to feel these influences a few years ago, when Professor Andler and a number of his students, returning from a journey to Germany undertaken for purposes of study, were made the butt of hostile demonstrations on the part of the "nationalist" students backed by Maurice Barrès.

Thus there is decided room for a propaganda of better mutual understanding, such as was inaugurated not quite a year ago and culminated in the banquet referred to at the beginning of this article. There was truth in the remark of one of the speakers that even though the achievements of the two nations were known and appreciated by a small minority on both sides of the Rhine, there was need of having the men and women behind those works meet face to face and found upon the basis of social relations the work of mutual understanding. That is one of the most practical aims in the programme of the society "Pour Mieux Se Connaître," and of the most direct appeal. The number of Germans residing in Paris has been estimated at six thousand. A large percentage consists of members of various intellectual professions,—teachers, students, artists, writers, whose opportunities for direct personal contact with their French colleagues are limited. There is the Alsatian element, whose position whether on this or the other side of the Rhine is surely not enviable. The very existence of these people is at all too frequent intervals menaced by the war-clouds that keep looming up on the political horizon of the two countries. The mission of the society is of vast importance, and its possibilities are equally vast. For the French senator, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who said, "Le rapprochement franco-allemand est la condition de la paix du monde," has given voice to a sentiment the truth whereof can scarcely be doubted. Nor can this mutual approach be more successfully attained than by an inofficial intercourse between representatives of both nations and by the intellectual exchange which mutual familiarity with their science, art, and letters insures. For, after all, the world of intellect is neutral ground, and if representatives of both nations can meet at international congresses of science for the exchange of experiences, and by striving in common for the promotion of knowledge forget the barriers that separate them in the political arena, there is no reason why men and women in the world of art and letters should not meet for the purpose of personal acquaintance and a more intimate understanding of the foreign mind, and by mitigating the spirit of mutual distrust promote the possibility of peace.

The membership of the society bids fair to represent that intellectual world which should know no national boundaries. Among its French members one notes Octave Mirbeau, Leon Frapié, Jean Reibrach, Victor Marguéritte, J. H. Rosny aîné, Réné Ghil, Leon Bazalgette, Henri Guilbeaux, Gabriel Fauré, Claude Debussy, Charles Léandre, Paul Signac, Leopold Mabilleau, Charles Wagner, Jean Richard Bloch, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, and our expatriate François Viélé-Griffin. The president is M. J. Grand-Carteret, a writer on problems of international politics, such as the Alsatian and Moroccan questions, who is equally well-known in Germany as in France. The secretaries are Loyson, the son of the famous Père Hyacinthe, who made his debut as dramatist some years ago and is now editing a magazine, and Guilbeaux, a Belgian by birth, and a poet and critic of rare ability, who writes on German letters for French and on French letters for German reviews. The list of German members shows the names of Ernst Haeckel, Wilhelm Ostwald, Karl Federn, Karl Lamprecht, Kröch Schmidt, Richard Dehmel, Ludwig Fulda, Clara Viebig, Carl and Gerhart Hauptmann, Karl Henckell, Felix Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Max Liebermann, Franz von Stuck, and others. There is an international committee to which belong, among others, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Edouard Claparède, A. Forel, the Baroness von Suttner, E. Jacques-Dalcroze, and Miss Anna B. Eckstein of the International Peace Society.

The propaganda of this movement for an intellectual Franco-German "rapprochement" includes the arrangement of exhibitions of French art and concerts of French music in Germany, the organization of travel-clubs in France for the purpose of visiting Germany, and the introduction into France of the

works of modern German writers—chiefly those who have shown unusual familiarity with French history or a profound understanding of the French temperament. Among the works of this kind to be presented in France is the monumental double drama by Carl Hauptmann, "Bürger Bonaparte — Kaiser Napoleon." A review called "Cahiers Franco-Allemands" is the temporary organ of the society; but a large review, taking its name from the one dreamed of by Heine, "France-Allemagne," is to be founded, and will be devoted to the discussion of Franco-German problems and to the exchange between French and German letters. This propaganda of ideas, supplemented by banquets and other social reunions, is likely to bring about relations between the French and the German members which will deliver both from the burden of preconceived notions and enlarge their vision towards an appreciative understanding of the spirit of the people whom the political machinations of the powers would make their enemy. The influence radiating from such a nucleus of unbiased minds seems one of the most promising factors in the propaganda for a permanent peace between the French and the Germans, whom Victor Hugo called "les deux nations maîtresses" and whose perpetual misunderstandings disturb the whole world.

A. VON ENDE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LURE OF THE NOVEL loses nothing of its strength with the progress of the suns and the enormous increase in the number of novels. But it is encouraging to note at the same time an occasional sign of the increasing attractiveness of other departments of literature. In the city of Washington, for instance, the people are learning, not to like fiction less, but to like history and science more. In the current yearly report of the Public Library of the District of Columbia, Mr. Bowerman, the librarian, records with satisfaction a nearly stationary condition in the number of story-books circulated in recent years, with a marked increase in the circulation of more serious reading matter. In brief, the fiction figures for the last eight years show a relative shrinkage amounting to twenty-six per cent in the total circulation of to-day; that is, from a fiction circulation of eighty-four per cent in 1904, there has been a gradual fall to fifty-eight per cent last year. Without reference to a possible change in readers' tastes, the factors supposed to have produced this encouraging result are the personal help and guidance given by assistants, progressive extension of the open-shelf system, and special displays of works on various subjects in a case labelled "Some Readable Books" and holding about two hundred and twenty-five volumes, which need frequent replenishing. The library's plan of compiling its occasional press notices into a monthly bulletin, and of coöperating with other institutions or associations in the preparation of bibliographic aids, calls for commendation.

* * *

A CHEERFUL PESSIMIST, facing unabashed the world's proneness to evil, and having always as a final resource the courage of despair, is a more inspiring personage than the fatuously smiling optimist, reiterating his optimism with the unconvincing emphasis of him who protests too much. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has just completed his ninetieth year, declares with the Preacher: "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Immense industrial and scientific progress has been witnessed by this eminent man of science, but he is reported as denying that man has advanced in morals or intellect in the last seven thousand years. "Everything is as bad as it can possibly be. From top to bottom our whole social system is rotten, full of vice and everything that is bad." Yet the outlook ahead seems to him hopeful, perhaps because of what the new science of eugenics, in which he is said to have great faith, is expected to accomplish. And to hasten the coming of the good time he has in preparation a work of which he says that it is "a book suggesting the necessary work for the labor party in its campaign against poverty, and laying down what I believe to be the fundamental principles and means by which continuous progress in the well-being of the community can be secured." Meanwhile, as a sort of counterpoise (however light) to the weight of this eminent thinker's utterances, the jocular Mr. Chesterton is declaring himself in the press a staunch unbeliever in the good things promised by the eugenists, and he has a new book about to be issued on "The Evil of Eugenics." But he will have abundant time and possibly sufficient cause to change his mind before he is ninety years old.

* * *

POSTAL LEGISLATION FOR THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF EDUCATION now stands on the statute-book, and should receive early revision. By the terms of the new parcel-post law, potatoes and turnips and other produce may be mailed for local delivery at five cents for a single pound, or fifteen cents for eleven pounds, with corresponding rates between these weights; but a book weighing a pound must bear eight cents in stamps, and no book exceeding four pounds may be sent by mail. Packages of books aggregating eleven pounds in weight would call for at least eighty-eight cents' worth of stamps as compared with fifteen cents for the same weight of bricks or cabbages or shingle nails. A public library or a bookshop may not supply its near-by patrons with reading matter through the mail at a lesser rate than eight cents a pound, but the grocer or dry-goods dealer is allowed to fill the orders of his customers throughout a fifty-mile zone at a postal rate varying from five cents for a single pound to thirty-five cents for eleven pounds. When the old rate on merchandise other than printed matter was fixed at one cent an ounce, it was considered a handsome concession

to the cause of education and of literature to allow books to go by mail at one-half that rate. But now the general merchandise rate for short distances has been diminished about eighty per cent, while the book-rate remains as before. That this unfair discrimination may soon be corrected is the prayer of all who handle books or are interested in the spread of literature and learning.

* * *

THE PASSING OF THE PERIOD, in sentence construction, such as our ancestors knew it, is not cause for unmixed satisfaction. An impatience that cannot tolerate a period of more than twenty words, or of more than two clauses, is not an impatience to be humored. The present mode of cutting up one's written discourse into snippets, or verbless interjections, makes in reality hard reading and produces an unsightly page. In a recent piece of writing by an author of repute occurs one sentence of only ten words with three full-stops, two of which might much better have been commas. The mail has just brought to us an anonymous communication in the form of a copy of our sentence beginning at the bottom of the first column of page 40 of our last issue, with a parenthesized exclamation-point added, presumably in protest at the length of the sentence. Yet it contains only forty-five words. We have this moment, at the very first page turned up in opening Ruskin, chanced on a sentence of one hundred and seven words — which is short for Ruskin. (The sentence is the second in the third chapter of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture.") It is true our own sentence contains a double involution, a relative clause within a relative clause; but who with any head at all on his shoulders need get lost in so unintricate a maze? After ten minutes' reading of Macaulay or Gibbon the offending passage might almost strike one as curt. Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, not to mention Meredith and Mr. Henry James, do not hesitate to pack into a single sentence all that it can comfortably carry. But those of us who cannot stand the strain of sentences more than ten words long can always go back to our primer and enjoy the brevity and lucidity of its style. "See the cat. The cat has caught a mouse. The cat will eat the mouse. Poor mouse!"

* * *

FICTION AS A PLEASANT POISON has withstood unnumbered attacks of the anti-fictionists, and will withstand unnumbered more. Canon Barry, writing in "Everyman," is the latest bitter foe to the novel; and Temple Scott, in the Boston "Transcript," rushes valiantly to its defense. "The tyranny of the novel," avers the churchman, "betokens that faith has given way to feeling, and that feeling is debauched by excitement following on the loss of long-cherished ideals." "We cannot be so bad as the Canon pictures us," is the reply, "or he would not take this trouble to make us see the error of our ways. There must be a sense for the right in us if he expects us to respond to his appeal." Of course the whole discussion will only leave each side more firmly fixed in its opinion than before. Instead of wasting so much good printer's ink in obvious generalities the contestants might wisely have come to a short and simple agreement to the proposition that there are novels and novels, the best of them good for the head and good for the heart, the worst too worthless to claim an intelligent person's attention, and the middling ones regrettably numerous and by no means tonic in their action on the reader, but less injurious than many forms of diversion or sensationalism that lure those who know not the pleasures of reading.

* * *

THE INCINERATION OF "TOM JONES," which was solemnly performed the other day at Doncaster by order of the committee of the Doncaster Free Library, will happily not deprive the rest of the world of the privilege of reading that masterpiece in early British fiction. It seems that one of the worthy Yorkshire men composing the committee or governing body of the above-named library chanced to take the book home, having never read it before, and was scandalized at certain characteristics of the author's style. He reported the story an immoral work and thus precipitated a heated debate in the committee room, where, though one member staunchly stood up for the book as being superior to history as a faithful picture of Fielding's times, the prevailing sentiment was adverse to its retention on the shelves of the Doncaster library; and so it was sentenced to death by fire, and met its cruel fate with the true martyr's noble fortitude. But, as hinted above, there are other copies of the famous work known to be still extant, and for the next few weeks booksellers and delivery-desk attendants are likely to note an increase, slight but nevertheless perceptible, in the demand for the book, because of the action of the Doncaster Corporation Free Library Committee. Thus it is that the cause of morality is advanced — as they imagine in Yorkshire.

* * *

A NEW "GAME OF AUTHORS" might take the form of preposterous proof that every writer's works were written by somebody else; that Wordsworth, for example, wrote Scott's novels, and that Lamb wrote Shelley's poems. The Baconians have led the way in this recreational exercise, and Mr. Chesterton hilariously follows suit in a late amusing contribution to the "Illustrated London News." Under the heading "Who Wrote Bacon?" he proceeds to demonstrate, in a manner calculated to convince those who have just indulged in "a heavy and Pickwickian Christmas dinner," that the author of Bacon's writings was none other than Shakespeare. The historical proofs are handled with masterly skill. After referring to the execution of Essex and Southampton's imprisonment in the Tower, and to the friendship between Essex and Bacon and that between Southampton and Shakespeare, he concludes, with irrefutable logic: "Could anything in Baconian mud be clearer? Shakespeare in some state of penitence (or drink) told Southampton that he himself was 'Bacon.' Southampton was just about to warn his friend Essex against the impostor, when the impos-

tor had the sense to strike first and kill the man who might know, and imprison the man who did know — and only fawn on him when his tongue was free. Is it not a connected story? Is it not a conceivable hypothesis? Why, no; it is a new Christmas game."

• • •

"CUMULATIVE" BIBLIOGRAPHY, as devised and practiced by the H. W. Wilson Co. of Minneapolis, has its history related in an interesting illustrated pamphlet issued by the above-named publishing house. It was in 1889 that the first modest beginnings of the present business took shape in a partnership between two students of the University of Minnesota who undertook (on a capital of one hundred dollars, partly borrowed) to deal in students' text-books and supplies. This firm, Morris & Wilson, lost its senior partner when he was graduated in 1892, and since then Mr. Wilson has been head of the house, which is now an incorporated company. Its cumulative-catalogue work dates from 1898, and includes the now well-known and, to library workers and book-dealers, almost indispensable "Cumulative Book Index," "United States Catalogue," and "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature," with an increasing list of other bibliographic aids such as "Library Work" (now taken over by the "Library Journal"), "Book Review Digest," a series of handbooks for debaters, a fiction catalogue, and a catalogue of children's books. The now large business and large body of employees, with their "cafeteria" lunch-room, their annual Christmas tree and summer picnic, and their evident *esprit de corps*, make an impressive appearance as the outgrowth of that tentative student enterprise of two youths working their way through college.

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A MEMORIAL TABLET TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" was unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, January 11, in the Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, the site of the house in which Francis Scott Key died just seventy years earlier. The tablet was presented to the church by the Baltimore Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and was afterward set in its permanent place on the corner of the building, facing Charles Street. Mrs. Charles W. Bassett, honorary regent of the chapter, conceived and largely brought to accomplishment this tribute to Key, and the Baltimore sculptor, Mr. Hans Schuler, designed the tablet, a medallion portrait set against a partly-furled flag, with appropriate inscriptions and ornamentation. In her address Mrs. Bassett called attention to the little-remembered fact that the Maryland lawyer, poet, and gentleman to whom we owe our national anthem, as many call the poem, was also a prolific hymn-writer, having produced, among others, the hymn beginning, "Lord, with glowing heart I praise Thee."

• • •

A STAUNCH DEFENDER OF SHAKESPEARE against the assaults of the Baconians died at his home in Boston on the thirteenth of January. Judge Charles Allen, formerly of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, but latterly a gentleman of leisure devoting himself to literature and authorship and travel, uttered his protest against the Baconian madness in a volume modestly entitled "Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question," which was published in 1900 and won the warm commendation of Sir Henry Irving and others whose praise was worth having. Judge Allen, as an experienced jurist, naturally devoted himself especially to a refutation of the charge that the Shakespearean plays contain such evidences of legal learning as Shakespeare could not have possessed. This and other points in the controversy are ably, succinctly, and interestingly treated. The combined brevity and cogency of the argument are in marked contrast to the diffuseness and inconclusiveness of the customary Baconian contention. Judge Allen had attained the ripe age of eighty-five years and nine months (lacking four days) when he died.

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NEW BOOKS FOR OLD, if cried through the streets, might bring the crier not a few treasures almost as precious as Aladdin's wonderful lamp. A hasty and afterward much regretted exchange of this sort was not long ago made by Sir Herbert Maxwell, as report avers; and he is now cautioning others to learn a lesson from his experience. Desiring the latest edition of a standard work of reference, and feeling unwilling to pay out the thirty-five pounds demanded for it by the bookseller, he searched his library for something to offer in exchange, and chanced upon a set of "The Sporting Magazine" complete (1793–1870), which he innocently offered for the reference work. The offer was accepted without delay. Not many weeks afterward he experienced a sensation upon reading that a set of the periodical in question had just been sold at auction for nine hundred and fifty pounds. And now he is advising deliberation and care in the weeding out of old books from one's library.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WHY THE DIERESIS AND HYPHEN TO INDICATE PRONUNCIATION?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Will you not add your *Amen* in a tilt against the habit of attempting to teach the pronunciation, or formation, of words by means of the dieresis and hyphen? Authors, editors, typesetters, proofreaders, and even general readers, will surely welcome the suggestion. Labor and worry will be spared all these classes, and a deal of expense to the community will be avoided.

The dieresis and hyphen are almost the last of some five thousand symbols, contractions, or abbreviations of words, elisions of suffixes, etc., invented by the copyists of the middle ages to save labor and vellum. The palimpsest is an eloquent proof that the tax for vellum was severely felt. With the exception of a very few they suddenly disappeared when printing and paper were invented. In the French language a few were retained, but it is suggestive that often the modern French author does not write them in his copy, but leaves the typesetter to put them in according to old custom and rule. His

acute, grave, and circumflex accents indicate quality not emphasis, while we long ago gave up both attempts. The Germans still retain the umlaut, and we the dieresis, hyphen, and, half ashamed of it, the ligature. This last, one may note in passing, by hurry and shortening, degenerated long ago into the dieresis and hyphen. We English have grown to disuse the ligature except in the antique æ and œ, rapidly now and at last passing into obsolescence.

As to the dieresis, it is self-evident that printing is one art, pronunciation another, the two at best most awkwardly and ineffectively interrelated. The printed form of words inevitably drifts into fixedness and uniformity, while pronunciation varies constantly in place and time. The labors of the mirthful bands of spelling reformers are in proof, — and still more, the failure of their labors.

Take a multitude of our words such as *cooperate, coincide, zoology, zoophilist, reenter, reinter, reiterate,*—does the dieresis or hyphen in the least aid a person of intelligence and education to write or pronounce them correctly? If so it is plain that the rule should be observed in a thousand words not now so marked. Many of these, moreover, cannot possibly be given the dieresis, for instance, *coincide, ptomaine, reiterate,* etc., because three dots would be required over one *i*. If, also, the rule is necessary in one class of words, it should be in others, such as *react,* to distinguish it from other words of similar spelling but pronounced as one syllable. *Extraordinary* is another example, and so on indefinitely. Do rational folk believe that *cooperation* needs the dieresis to avoid confusion with the idea of the cooper, his barrels, or his trade? A learned bookmaker once so contended.

The linotype and other typesetting machines have recently revolutionized the typographer's business, and writers and proofreaders have already been tormented by the machines' omission of the dieresis — as well, also, in the output of a million typewriting machines — and, if dictionary slaves, they have been compelled to order the plaguey dots reinserted by hand. In *oomycetes, oophorectomy, zoology,* and scores more, are we in danger of pronouncing the first three or four letters as if they constituted one syllable? *Gott bewahr!*

Lastly, why persist in the ludicrously unnecessary use of the hyphen to hold together parts of words which need not and should not be separated either a little or wholly? Proofreaders and editors often seem to think that *anti,* for example, demands the hyphen before it can be joined to *tarin,* while on the same page they will omit the Siamese-twin ligament in *antipathy, antimony, antinomy,* and so on.

G. M. G.

Atlantic City, N. J., January 21, 1913.

ART IN THE MAGAZINES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the "Century" for January appears a colored picture named "The White Rose," after a painting by Henry Golden Dearth: one of a series representing modern American art. I am assured on the best authority that this picture "is representative of one branch of the impressionist school," and that Mr. Dearth's work in this school "was considered last year the hit of the artistic season." So be it; but I do not know how to describe the effect it had on me by any word milder than disgusting. I felt quite upset for some hours. The feelings of a single individual, no expert in artistic matters, are of little or no consequence in themselves; but if (it is impossible to be original, even in one's distastes!) they are representative of any large body of opinion, or especially of any fundamental truths, they may be worth taking into account. Even speaking objectively, we may venture to maintain that a lady whose mouth, nose, and eyes are all awry is contrary to good anatomical principles, and take some stand on this point, though our hatred of her expression and our abomination for the lurid unnatural colors be dismissed as psychological curiosities.

It is impossible for an English-speaking person who reads at all not to feel some sense of proprietorship in the "Century." It is one of our great Anglo-American institutions, quite as much as if it were a public building, — nay, more so, since a building cannot be on both sides of the Atlantic at once. It has published at different times many beautiful pictures, and to this extent has contributed to the general taste for good art. It therefore follows that one who is convinced that this and other of our standard magazines are giving us some essentially bad, and therefore immoral, illustrations, has good cause to be alarmed. The particular picture now criticized would not be so distressing, were it not an extreme example of a general type.

Our fiction, our drama, our presentation of life in all forms, suffers from the same disease. This is, perhaps, a desire to cheaply attract notice, a product of our modern commercialism. It is not true that all standards have been abandoned; on the contrary, the most offensive products exhibit a large amount of technical skill. This skill, however, is considered the chief thing, while good taste, based on fundamental morality, is forgotten, — or perhaps not forgotten because never thought of. This description must not be taken as literally applying to every case; it merely indicates a tendency, which in itself justifies the language used, but which, as a matter of fact, varies through all degrees in its intensity. Creatures of our age, we who condemn it can perhaps not wholly avoid its influence.

If this point of view is in any degree sound, it is useless to argue that these things are produced because the public demand them. Those who control in these matters are in the same position as teachers, whose duty it is to bring before their classes whatever is good, wise, and true. No practical teacher doubts the fact that it is more than easy to degrade the tastes and morals of his young people,—he has seen it done in many a school. In the present state of education in this country, our adults are as children, the majority of them readily responding to degrading influences, while magazine literature also reaches the young.

It has been suggested that we cannot successfully combat these tendencies. Whether we can do so depends on what we call success. There never will be a time when the struggle for good things can be abandoned, for lack, if you put it so, of windmills to tilt against. In a sense, all attempts at education are doomed to failure, but in another sense they are bound to succeed.

I think it would be very interesting to know how "The White Rose," in the "Century," affected a number of people. May I, with the Editor's permission, ask the readers of THE DIAL to send me postcards describing in a few words how the picture affected them when first seen? In addition, I should greatly like to hear what may be said in its favor by those who think well of it. Should I receive a number of communications resulting from this request, I will prepare a summary or abstract of them for THE DIAL.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

Boulder, Colo., January 20, 1913.

The New Books.

The Conquest of the South Pole.*

Captain Amundsen and his book on "The South Pole" make their appearance among us at the same time, and both are cordially welcome. The man is of as much interest to us as his gallant exploit in the Antarctic regions, and his engrossing account of that exploit is both a faithful picture of the author himself and a modest but detailed representation of the difficulties and dangers faced and overcome by the explorer and his trusty band of followers.

That within three years of Captain Peary's attainment of the northern extremity of the earth's axis its southern end would likewise be reached, was probably expected by few familiar with the history of Polar exploration and the considerable intervals commonly separating one step of marked advance from the next. And, indeed, there is a good deal of what some might call lucky accident, but others would more truly call intuition and genius, to explain the quick following of victory in the South upon the heels of success in the North. Captain Amundsen was in the very act of preparing for his five-year drifting voyage across the North Polar Sea, which he still purposes accomplishing, when the telegraph flashed the news of the North Pole's discovery (if the word "discovery" is permissible in this connection), and he at once altered his plans, but kept his own counsel in the matter, so that not until the good ship "Fram" had touched at and departed from Funchal on her supposed voyage around the Horn to Alaska did he explain to his company as a whole that his destination was at the antipodes of the one attributed to him. This occurred in the summer of 1910. Early in January of the following year the vessel anchored in the Bay of Whales, and after a winter (our summer, of course) in camp at that point the polar party made its successful dash to ninety degrees south, and was back in camp on the twenty-fifth of January, 1912, the exact date set down beforehand in the leader's schedule.

While every part of the programme may seem to the hasty reader to have been carried out with a happy concurrence of favoring circumstances, and the final success may present itself somewhat in the light of a lucky accident—so little emphasis does the chronicler lay upon his far-sighted plans for the avoidance of untoward conditions—a careful study of the narrative reveals indications of forethought and generalship, and of reliance upon the promptings of something very like genius, that greatly heighten one's admiration for the ability and courage of the Norwegian explorer. It was contrary to the apparent teachings of Sir Ernest Shackleton's experience for Captain Amundsen to make the Bay of Whales his landing point and the site of his winter quarters. The great southern barrier of ice was supposed to be afloat there, with extensive tracts of the bay's borders continually crumbling away and drifting seaward. But by entering this inlet the "Fram" would be able to land the explorers nearer their destination than would elsewhere be possible, the leader had studied the problem and chose to take the risks, and the result showed the soundness of his judgment. Again, both Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton had declared against Eskimo dogs and in favor of Manchurian ponies as a motive power for the sledges in Antarctic exploration. Indeed, a motor car was taken along in the Shackleton expedition, so little confidence was felt in the traditional method of polar sledging. But here, too, the Norwegian trusted to his instinct, or to instinct and judgment combined, and provided himself with a hundred picked Eskimo dogs from Greenland, though the possibility of transporting them, alive and in a condition for service, across the equator was derisively denied by the wiseacres. It is true that Captain Amundsen was not without some experience of Antarctic conditions; nevertheless he showed remarkable prevision on this occasion. In respect to the time allowed by him for the work in hand we read in the opening pages of his narrative:

> "I worked out the plan as here given, at my home on Bundelfjord, near Christiania, in September, 1909, and as it was laid, so it was carried out to the last detail. That my estimate of the time it would take was not so very far out is proved by the final sentence of the plan: 'Thus we shall be back from the Polar journey on January 25.' It was on January 25, 1912, that we came into Framheim after our successful journey to the Pole."

Another rather novel item in the equipment of this expedition — novel at least to readers of American and English accounts of polar exploration — was the supply of *ski* instead of snowshoes for travel over the great white plains in the high latitudes. The advantage of this form of foot-gear to the Norwegian, who is used

*The South Pole. An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the "Fram," 1910-1912. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. In two volumes. With maps and illustrations. New York: Lee Keedick.

to it from boyhood, is apparent enough. Speed and a great extent of bearing surface on yielding snow, or on the thin crust bridging a crevasse, were thus secured. There were no leads or open channels of water to be feared on the final dash to the southward, as was the case in Captain Peary's strenuous race to the North Pole and back, with the ever-present danger of finding himself marooned on an ice-floe; but there were regions treacherously cut up by concealed chasms of unknown depth, over whose frail snow-bridges the Norwegian *ski* could carry a man much more swiftly and safely than the American snowshoe.

What the expedition accomplished in addition to the attainment of the South Pole should not fail to receive mention. While the leader with four companions made his dash for the goal, Lieutenant Prestrud and two others started on an eastward exploring journey to the little-known King Edward VII. Land which Captain Scott had discovered in 1902. A considerable section in the second volume of the book is devoted to Lieutenant Prestrud's narrative of this expedition and what it accomplished. Another section is given up to Captain Nilsen's account of what he and his shipmates achieved in the way of oceanographic research with the stout ship "Fram" during the long winter while the land party was reduced to comparative inactivity at Framheim. The south Atlantic between Africa and South America was traversed and investigated, temperatures taken, specimens of the plankton collected, and much information added to the world's knowledge of that part of the ocean. Appended papers at the end of the book contain many details of meteorology, oceanography, and other matters interesting to the student.

To return for a little to the more popularly pleasing sections of the work, one cannot but note the buoyant, high-spirited, adventurous tone of the narrative as a whole. There is more of frolic and fun in Captain Amundsen's pages than we are accustomed to in those of his north-polar rival, or colleague, Captain Peary — which is natural enough, in view of the Norwegian's comparative youth. The entire expedition assumes something of the complexion of a grand lark in such passages as the following, which takes up the story immediately after the ship's destination had been made known to all on board, upon her departure from Funchal:

"It was pure enjoyment to come on deck the morning after leaving Madeira; there was an added note of friendliness in every man's 'Good-morning,' and a smile twinkled in the corner of every eye. The entirely new turn things had taken, and the sudden change to fresh fields for thought and imagination, acted as a beneficent stimulus to those who, the day before, had contemplated a trip round the Horn. I think what chiefly amused them was their failure to smell a rat before. 'How could I have been such an ass as not to think of it long ago?' said Beck, as he sent a nearly new quid into the sea. 'Of course, it was as plain as a pikestaff. Here we are with all these dogs, this fine "observation house," with its big kitchen-range and the shiny cloth on the table, and everything else. Any fool might have seen what it meant.' I consoled him with the remark that it is always easy to be wise after the event, and that I thought it very lucky no one had discovered our destination prematurely."

Then followed a great amount of reading-up in Antarctic literature on the part of these newly-enlightened members of the party. The ship's library numbered three thousand volumes or more, and from Captain Cook to Captain Scott the Antarctic voyagers were well represented. "I considered it an imperative necessity," says our author, "that every man should acquaint himself as far as possible with the work of previous expeditions; this was the only way of becoming in some measure familiar with the conditions in which we should have to work."

Wintering within the Antarctic Circle, in cold immeasurable by ordinary thermometers, and in all but total darkness so far as sunlight is concerned, would not seem a very exhilarating experience; but the Norwegian party appears from the narrative to have taken it much in the spirit of a picnic, and to have found an abundance of both work and play ready to hand. Snow-tunnelling and cave-digging, to enlarge the available accommodations for the company of nine, occupied considerable time and energy; and there was a great amount of preparation of sledges and dog-tackle to fill in spare moments, not to mention the daily routine of housework and mending or alteration of garments, and other humble tasks. The snug quarters at Framheim, cheerfully lighted and comfortably heated with petroleum, became homelike to the occupants, and with unlimited seal steak and an abundance of other good provisions the chief of the party avowed that he never before had lived so well. But now let us turn to some of the perils and hardships attending the great work of the expedition. After the start for the Pole had been made with five men and four sledges, trouble was encountered with crevasses, which revealed themselves unexpectedly beneath the snow. At one moment a sledge broke through and threatened to drag all its thirteen

dogs to destruction. But a rope and two pairs of strong arms saved the day while a cool-headed volunteer climbed down, with another rope around his body, to relieve the suspended sledge of its load, two of his comrades hauling up as he unlashed.

"These two fellows moved about on the brink of the chasm with a coolness that I regarded at first with approving eyes. I admire courage and contempt for danger. But the length to which they carried it at last was too much of a good thing; they were simply playing hide-and-seek with Fate. Wisting's information from below — that the cornice they were standing on was only a few inches thick — did not seem to have the slightest effect on them; on the contrary, they seemed to stand all the more securely."

A later passage gives an idea of the sufferings caused by the extreme cold and raging winds. When the mercury rose to zero, Fahrenheit, the hardy Norsemen called the temperature sultry and oppressive. We read, for example:

"The warmth of the past few days seemed to have matured our frost-sores, and we presented an awful appearance. It was Wisting, Hanssen, and I who had suffered the worst damage in the last south-east blizzard; the left side of our faces was one mass of sore, bathed in matter and serum. We looked like the worst type of tramps and ruffians, and would probably not have been recognized by our nearest relations. These sores were a great trouble to us during the latter part of the journey. The slightest gust of wind produced a sensation as if one's face were being cut backwards and forwards with a blunt knife. They lasted a long time, too; I can remember Hanssen removing the last scab when we were coming into Hobart — three months later."

In making this final dash, Captain Amundsen adopted tactics quite different from Captain Peary's in his similar adventure at the North. The American had started with five detachments, sending back first one and then another until he with a single one of his company and four Eskimos were left to complete the perilous journey. No tents were used, but igloos, or snow huts, were built at each stage. The Norwegian, on the other hand, pushed on with his original party, camped each night, or day, as the case may have been, under cover of a tent, celebrated (briefly) with his comrades the attainment of the Pole, and returned with no loss of life except the dogs killed and eaten on the way. The Pole was reached on the day planned long beforehand, December 14, 1911, and the return to Framheim, as already noted, was on schedule time.

Captain Amundsen's book has a fulness and variety of interest, and is written in a bright, often amusing, style, that distinguish it among works of its kind. The translator, too, has done his part well. One would not suspect the book of being a translation, unless told beforehand. The many illustrations, maps, charts, and other subordinate features of the work help to make it the complete and satisfactory production it is found to be. The author's earlier account of his memorable Northwest-Passage voyage in the "Gjöa" had aroused expectations of a noteworthy book as the literary fruit of this more difficult undertaking, and these expectations have not been disappointed.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE BRILLAT-SAVARIN OF THE DRAMA.*

When my attention was first attracted to Mr. Archer's new book, ostensibly dealing with the making of plays, I not unnaturally concluded that it would embody rules and precepts for the guidance of the beginner, the tyro, who wished to be given an adequate recipe for constructing a play. Perusal of the work itself quickly dispels any such notion. The title is at once alluring and deceptive. The discovery one speedily makes is that this is not, in reality, a book for the dramatic craftsman. Indeed, the author begins with the asseveration that there are no rules for the writing of plays, and even disclaims writing for the benefit of would-be playwrights. Confessedly, he writes for the "many people with moderately developed and cultivable faculty"; and modestly ventures the hope that "even the accomplished dramatist may take some interest in considering the reasons for things which he does, or does not do, by instinct."

The reason for all this is not far to seek. Mr. Archer is a dramatic critic, concerned with plays not as a constructive craftsman, but as an analytical critic. It is inevitable that his treatment parallels the phase of his dominant interest. So we actually have, not a book on play-making, but an analysis of the made play. In a word, we have a book of definitions, of criteria, for analyzing plays. The real title of the book, I venture to suggest, might more fittingly be, "How to Write Good Dramatic Criticism."

This is not, in any way, to minimize the value of the book, but simply to arrive at a just description of its scope. At the same time, we shall find, on further examination, that in analyzing the structure of the drama, the author not only holds out sane standards for the observation of the dramatic critic, but often consciously, more often unconsciously, sets up warnings and precepts for the instruction of the practicing crafts-

*PLAY-MAKING. A Manual of Craftsmanship. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

man. This latter is the *rôle* in which Mr. Archer shows up to least advantage. Mr. Archer, according to his own admission, is lacking in the innate competency of the dramatic craftsman — which, to be sure, in no sense invalidates his conclusions as a critic of the drama. Also, if I remember aright, the bureau for the purpose of advising budding playwrights, which Mr. Archer opened in London, was short-lived. As given in the present book, Mr. Archer's advice is, for the most part, either too general or too self-contradictory to carry with it the momentum of constructive helpfulness. An excellent example of Mr. Archer's weakness in this department is found in the following inimitable specimen of innocuous shilly-shally:

> "It might in many cases be wiser to warn the aspirant to keep himself unspotted from the play-house. To send him there is to imperil, on the one hand, his originality of vision; on the other, his individuality of method. He may fall under the influence of some great master, and see life only through his eyes; or he may become so habituated to the current tricks of the theatrical trade as to lose all sense of their conventionality and falsity, and find himself, in the end, better fitted to write what I have called a quack hand-book than a living play."

Apparently, it is the idea that the young aspirant has no power of originality, no strength of individuality, which prompts Mr. Archer's fears. Such an intellectual invertebrate as Mr. Archer posits may perhaps not be worth while worrying over. He goes on, however, to hedge with too facile glibness: "It would be ridiculous, of course, to urge an aspirant positively to avoid the theatre; but the common advice to steep himself in it is beset with dangers." It may well be that Mr. Archer is thinking of Ibsen; for after a certain point in his career was reached, Ibsen absented himself deliberately from all contact with the playhouse. It must be clearly pointed out, however, as a fact of crucial significance, that Ibsen began his career with the most attentive and pertinacious study of all the actual details of the theatre, of production, representation, the art of acting, in the playhouses of Europe, as well as of Norway. It was only after he had acquired a mastery of the materials of his art, both by practice and by intensive study of the theatre itself, that he felt strong enough to assert and maintain his independence.

It is just as well that Mr. Archer did not attempt to write a book of receipts for play-making. It is related of Bronson Howard that, on being asked to compile a book of rules for playwriting, he declined on the ground that he feared being tempted to follow them! Mr. Archer has done, rarely well, something that needed to be done for our particular generation: the narration, in easily understood terms, of the structural history of the play, as it has developed, biologically as it were, up to the present time. As Mr. Archer wisely says: "One thing is certain — namely, that if any part of the dramatist's art can be taught, it is only a comparatively mechanical and formal part — the art of structure." Perhaps Mr. Archer somewhat underestimates the relative importance of the art of structure. Professor Matthews takes the view that anything which may be learned can be taught; and if we carry this principle to its logical conclusion, the indispensable part of the art of playwriting, namely the art of structure, may be taught, since it undoubtedly can be and always must be learned. Dramatic genius—the faculty for situation, the sense for character, the stereoscopic imagination — this is innate, and cannot be initially imparted through any system of instruction: it can only be strengthened and developed through exercise, furnished both by self-acquired knowledge of the conditions of dramatic representation and by practice in the making of plays. It will be recalled that Ibsen once violently banished from his presence a young playwright who wished Ibsen to hear the reading of his latest play — because, forsooth, the nincompoop had no scenario! A study of the various drafts of Ibsen's plays, made at different stages in their evolution, reveals the truly remarkable way in which the structural broadening and deepening of the bases of a play forwarded the psychological purposes of the creator of character and the master of climax.

Upon one occasion, Mr. Bernard Shaw was asked to define the precepts that govern the dramatist in his selection of themes and methods of treatment. In his reply to that question, which is too long to be quoted here in its entirety, he shamelessly confesses: "I find myself possessed of a theme in the following manner. I am pushed by a natural need to set to work to write down conversations that come into my head unaccountably. At first I hardly know the speakers and cannot find names for them. Then they become more and more familiar; and I learn their names. Finally I come to know them very well, and discover what it is they are driving at and why they have said and done the things I have been moved to set down." I am not to be deceived into thinking this just a piece of Shavian fooling; for I have often seen Mr. Shaw at work, in trains and elsewhere, doing just what he describes himself as doing. A

series of conversations by imaginary characters not even fully individualized is the natural starting point for the dramas of a playwriter who has invented the drama of dialectic and has the hardihood to label a play a "Conversation." A germ idea of general significance; usually arising out of an incident in real life, experienced or, as Ibsen phrased it, "actually lived through," furnished the starting point for the majority of Ibsen's greatest plays — such certainly is the evidence furnished by the volumes of his *Nachgelassene Schriften*. Indeed, nothing so piques the fancy as the image of the master craftsman, whoever he be, spinning out the threads of his creative imagination and weaving the magic patterns of human life which shall enrapture multitudes in that palace of light and sound, the theatre. A profoundly interesting book on playmaking yet remains to be written, embodying the true relation of the methods actually employed by dramatists of rank in the writing of their plays.

The significance of Mr. Archer's book — the feature which constitutes it a popular substitute for any work on the technique of the drama now available — rests in the fact that it is, for the most part, couched in simple and comprehendable terms. It is a sort of Scotch Freytag, for the "man in the street." Dispensing with the horrible jargon of the academic student of the drama, Mr. Archer manages to put in all the essential facts in regard to structural detail, without expressing himself in "hifalutin" terms. We cannot blame him for coining the word "Peripety" (Greek, peripeteia) to indicate a complete reversal of fortune; and we are grateful for the skill and perspicuity which characterize his definitions and distinctions, notably the distinction between "character-drawing" and "psychology." Peculiarly clarifying are the chapters entitled respectively, "Foreshadowing, not Forestalling," and "The Obligatory Scene." Much profit may be derived from careful perusal of the chapter, "Curiosity and Interest."

Mr. Shaw — and I am sure some incidents narrated to me by Madame Ibsen justify the implication in regard to Ibsen — once defined the drama, or at least the temperamental condition under which drama is created, as "sane hallucination." This, however, cannot serve to convey any working basis for an adequate definition of drama. The boldest of Mr. Archer's chapters is entitled "Dramatic and Undramatic." Here he tilts squarely against those contemporary critics, with Brunetière at their head, who see in drama a clash of contending wills. "The theatre in general," said Brunetière, "is nothing but the place for the development of the human will, attacking the obstacles opposed to it by destiny, fortune, or circumstances." And again, "Drama is a representation of the will of man in conflict with the mysterious powers or natural forces which limit or belittle us; it is one of us thrown living upon the stage, there to struggle against fatality, against social law, against one of his fellow-mortals, against himself, if need be, against the ambitions, the interests, the prejudices, the folly, the malevolence of those who surround him." Mr. Archer boldly denies that struggle is the indispensable *differentia* of the dramatic form, basing his denial upon the difficulty of forcing many plays to conform to such confinement of definition. He prefers to discover the marrow of drama in *crisis*. Such a definition, interesting though it be as a critical tentative, is far less comprehensive, it appears on reflection, than the definition of Brunetière. It may be said with equal justice that crisis is a defining characteristic of the short-story. In the short-story, all the lines converge to a predestined end or crisis. When that crisis is reached, the story is complete. Mr. Archer's *differentia* thus breaks down for the drama. On the other hand, some of the greatest short-stories in the world are independent of any conflict of human wills, and so fall outside the definition of drama as posited by Brunetière. A crisis is a turning-point in the progress of a series of events; and is assuredly a concomitant attribute of drama, which is a series of events, physical or psychological, induced in general by a struggle of wills. In other words, Mr. Archer has made the rather trivial blunder of choosing for his differentiating characteristic merely one phase, the culminant phase, of that struggle which he maintains is not the quintessential attribute of drama!

In recent years, there has been a sharp break, among the younger playwrights, away from the restrictions of the ancient standards. Mr. Granville Barker, whose "The Voysey Inheritance" reads like a novel of the mid-Victorian era, has proposed the drama of the future as one which "leaves Aristotle out." So far has this new movement of secession and revolt progressed that many dramatic critics of today, suffering from no obsession by Aristotelian definitions, have frankly recognized that the so-called "laws" of the drama are nothing more than integrated formulations of the prevailing practice of dramatists up to any given date in the drama's history. There is certainly some-

thing to startle a Matthews or a Walkley in Mr. Archer's statement: "The only really valid definition of the *dramatic* is: Any representation of imaginary personages which is capable of interesting an average audience assembled in a theatre." How broad, how marvellously inclusive, is this iconoclastic definition! Unfortunately, Mr. Archer has been guilty of another of those lapses in logic which betray him always in the hour of his sorest need. Clearly, such definition fails to correspond with Mr. Archer's former definition of drama as that art-form the essence of which is crisis. It is patent that there is an infinity of "representations of imaginary personages which are capable of interesting an average audience assembled in a theatre" which yet may be lacking in any form of crisis, physical or psychological. Numerous modern plays do actually interest an average audience in a theatre, and yet, it must be confessed, betray an almost total deficiency in either struggle or, its culminant phase, crisis. The genre is found in playwrights so fundamentally dissimilar, in outlook and method, as Maeterlinck and Shaw. To be specific, one might cite Gorky's "Nachtasyl," Barker's "The Madras House," Hauptmann's "Hannele," Shaw's Socratic Dialogue in Hades from "Man and Superman," and Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse."

Mr. Granville Barker has recently said in a public address which was subsequently printed, "A play is anything that can be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency." This definition, which parallels Mr. Archer's in boldness and comprehensiveness of statement, is equally inadequate. For it throws into the class of the dramatic such a spectacle as a prize-fight. By the same token, Mr. Archer's definition permits the inclusion of so mechanical a performance as a moving-picture show, since the films are made from photographs of the class which Mr. Archer labels "imaginary personages,"—namely, people playing parts in a coherent series of concocted events.

The time is ripe for the critic who will bring clarity and convincing statement of the essential meaning of the terms "drama" and "dramatic" out of the present welter of confusion and chaos. If "dramatic" were accepted as a descriptive term for only a certain class of plays, and it were acknowledged once for all that there are other plays lacking in this specific characteristic which are nevertheless highly successful upon the stage, from both the artistic and box-office standpoints, a much-needed rebuke might thereby be given to the academic dogmatism which so unrelentingly endeavors to force the new art into the mould of antiquated conception. The dramatists of the contemporary era have constructively demonstrated one tremendously significant fact: that a play may be eminently successful in stage representation, judged by both artistic and commercial standards, and yet be intrinsically "undramatic."

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

THE GREAT HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS.*

Governor William Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" has been described as "the chief book in our New England Old Testament." It is the history of Plymouth Colony to 1647,—a noble record of exile, suffering, and triumph. These sturdy, God-fearing Pilgrims, after many vicissitudes, crossed the water to lay the sure foundations of state; and the human interest of their story, told in the living words of a leader, is second only to its historical importance.

Although the "History" remained in manuscript for more than two hundred years, it constitutes the principal part of Nathaniel Morton's "New England's Memorial," first published in 1669, and was also used by later historians—notably Prince and Hutchinson. The precious manuscript was probably taken by an unknown person from the Old South Church in Boston during the Revolution, and was lost sight of for many years. It was thought by some to have shared the fate of other documents which were at that time carried away or destroyed. But a better destiny was in store for the "History," so carefully prepared by the second Governor of Plymouth Colony; for it was finally located, in 1855, in the Library of the Bishop of London at Fulham. Dr. Charles Deane caused the manuscript to be carefully copied, and under his able editorial direction it was first printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1856, with an introduction and notes. The work, however, was not very freely annotated,—through no fault of Dr. Deane, but rather in deference to the policy of the Society under whose auspices the book was given to the world. A facsimile of Bradford's beautiful manuscript—in marked contrast to the wellnigh indecipherable chirography of his contemporary, John Winthrop, Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay

*HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION, 1620-1647. By William Bradford. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Published for the Massachusetts Historical Society by Houghton Mifflin Co.

—was published in 1896, with an introduction by Mr. J. A. Doyle, who for many years was an earnest and able student of our beginnings. In 1898, the year following the restoration of the manuscript by the ecclesiastical authorities of England, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts issued the "History" without notes, but with preliminary matter respecting the return of the document and addresses made upon that happy occasion. There was also published, in 1908, a reprint edited by the late William T. Davis of Plymouth, in the "Original Narratives of Early American History" series; unfortunately, however, Mr. Davis's notes do not adequately meet all requirements, to say nothing of important omissions from the text.

It therefore seems both fitting and wise that the present edition, in which the text is printed in full for the first time, should have been undertaken by the learned body that first gave Bradford in printed form to students of history; and wiser that the editing of these volumes was intrusted to the competent hand of Mr. Worthington C. Ford. Justin Winsor has said that, in later years, Mr. Deane was urged to recur to his work on Bradford's "History," and give a new edition "with all the amplitude of his erudition in commentary and note." While we cannot doubt Mr. Deane's great abilities and ripe knowledge of early New England history—for much admirable work stands to his credit,—he was perhaps, to a degree, disqualified for the undertaking by reason of certain mental characteristics which might have prevented him from seeing all things in their true perspective. However this may be, one can hardly regret that the difficult task of preparing what possibly may be termed the final edition of Bradford was reserved for the present editor. Mr. Ford possesses the learning, the open mind, and the poise necessary to accomplish the best results; and if he did not link his name with any other historical work he would have earned, by his edition of Bradford alone, a permanent place amongst the foremost editors of American source books.

An advisory committee of three was appointed by the Massachusetts Historical Society to aid Mr. Ford in his work, consisting of Messrs. Charles Francis Adams, Arthur Lord, and Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.; and it is safe to assume that these gentlemen lent something more than their names to the undertaking. Of the three, Mr. Adams has had by far the widest experience as historian and editor, having edited with great scholarship two books of the period covered by Bradford's "History"—"Antinomianism in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, 1636–1638" and Thomas Morton's "New English Canaan"—in addition to much other solid writing. Mr. Lord is an authority on Pilgrim history; and Mr. Bradford (of the ninth generation from the Governor), best known by his searching studies of Confederate leaders, must have taken keen and intelligent interest in the work. Mr. Adams, as long ago as 1883, expressed himself on the propriety of reproducing in print the peculiarities which abound in seventeenth-century manuscripts. Even then he had for years wished to see Bradford's "History" in "real seventeenth-century dress"; that is to say, as it would have come from the press of that day. This hope, however, has not been fully realized in the present edition, for it appears to have been thought best to follow Bradford's orthography, except in a few unimportant particulars. This will delight the historical scholar, and at the same time will not prove a hindrance to the general reader who has recourse to the volumes. Fortunately, Bradford's erratic and sometimes meaningless punctuation has not in all cases been preserved.

The work is introduced by a brief "Note," signed by the Committee of Publication, in which it is truly stated that the story of the Pilgrim Fathers has been told in all necessary detail; nevertheless, some will regret that the editor did not see fit to go over the ground once more and trace in a consecutive manner the Pilgrim movement. Certainly this would not have formed a useless complement to the "History."

It would be difficult to praise too highly Mr. Ford's rich and copious annotation. In this respect he has left nothing to be desired. His notes, written with admirable lucidity, have been prepared with thoroughness and much learning. He seems to have overlooked nothing of value or interest, and it will perhaps never be necessary to add much of importance to his labors.

The edition contains more than two hundred finely-executed illustrations — many of them very rare, — consisting of maps, views, facsimiles of manuscripts, etc. The frontispiece of the second volume is a beautiful reproduction of a portrait of Edward Winslow, attributed to Robert Walker, from the original in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, the only authentic likeness extant of any of the Mayflower company. In no other book of Pilgrim history can there be found such wealth of illustrative material. This feature of the work is attractive and important. The index is excellent. These handsome quarto volumes will warm the book-lover's heart. They

are well made in every particular, and will rank with the best work of a press which has for many years been noted for the superiority of its product.

This edition of Bradford's "History" should find its way into every public library of the land, where it will not only be available to the student and scholar, but also to him who in these days of stress and turmoil cares to pause long enough to give thought to the old rock from which we are hewn.

It will not be out of place here to say that Mr. Ford is said to have edited, in the manner of the present reprint of Bradford, an edition (soon to appear) of Governor John Winthrop's "Journal." Winthrop heretofore has had only two editors worthy of the name,—Mr. James Savage, for many years the honored President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Dr. James K. Hosmer. Mr. Savage, however, though thoroughly steeped in the lore of his subject, was nevertheless far from being an ideal editor; but withal he was distinctly and racily individual. Dr. Hosmer's work is excellent, but not full enough to make it the final word. The Massachusetts Historical Society is indeed fortunate in being able to connect its name with two great books, which will be read for all time, or at least as long as there shall survive an interest in the beginnings of this nation.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

ANDREW LANG'S LAYING OF THE BACONIAN BOGIE.*

Andrew Lang's book on the Baconian myth is his latest and we fear last service to literature,—though so versatile and industrious a writer may well have left other surprises behind him. Never, perhaps, in his career has he exhibited more engagingly his special qualities, his literary passion, his loyalty, and his light and dexterous handling of really wide scholarship. His book ought to be the last word on the subject; but that, alas, is not to be hoped. The last word in this matter has been said before,—by Richard Grant White, by Mr. Dowden, and by others. This is one of those questions where reason and authority speak in vain; the realization of which fact leads to exasperation. Mr. Lang, for instance, begins in perfect temper, with courtesy and Christian charity; he ends somewhat in the state depicted by "Punch" in its study of "a gentleman disturbed by a blue bottle fly." What are you going to do with a theory that evades evidence, defies logic, and refuses to accept the credibilities of human nature? Against the Pyrrhonic attitude nothing can be proved. Archbishop Whately wrote "Historic Doubts about Napoleon Buonaparte." Suppose a case is tried where a witness for the defense swears that A is A; and the opposing counsel blandly remarks to the jury: "Yes, I know he says so, but what he really means is that A is B." Another person deposes that he believes white to be white, and the same counsel declares that it is perfectly clear that he harbors a mental reservation that white is black. Then a witness is examined who is qualified by long acquaintance, comradeship, and rivalry to speak of the defendant, and who does speak of him again and again, sometimes in criticism, sometimes in unbounded eulogy. The lawyer for the plaintiff listens and then smilingly declares that all this is only "Fanny's way,"—that it is quite evident that the gentleman has his tongue in his cheek; that the very gruffness of his growling at and the ardor of his championship of one man, the perfect applicability of every fact he adduces to him and to no other, is proof positive that it is another whom he is referring to all the time. This is a fair statement of the attitude of the latest anti-Shakespeareans. The mind reels at such treatment of the verities. Argument is impossible. All the external evidence and practically all the internal probability in the case are on one side. The Baconian or anti-Shakespearean theory is nothing but a suspicion backed up by a sneer.

Mr. Lang does not trouble to treat of the crop of cryptogrammic phantasies of the past. These the neo-Baconians have themselves relegated to the limbo of the forgotten. Nor does he go into the so-called parallelisms of phrase between Shakespeare and Bacon. Richard Grant White and Mr. Dowden have thoroughly disposed of these. He dismisses any resemblances of thought as being part of the property of the age—ideas in the air. It would not be difficult to make out a case for Charles Darwin's authorship of "In Memoriam" and the early poems of Tennyson. As for basic philosophy, Shakespeare and Bacon are in antithesis. The one was an idealist and pessimist, the other an utilitarian and optimist. Mr. Lang declines also to express an opinion as to Shakespeare's legal learning. He delivers him over to the lawyers, who, he says, agree as to the accuracy of Shakespeare's law allusions. Accurate they may be,

* SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND THE GREAT UNKNOWN. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

but they are drawn from a slender stock of knowledge. Shakespeare certainly did not know Littleton's "Institutes" or the earlier treatises of Bracton and Fleta. And these were the English law authorities of his day. When in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, Ben Jonson published his "Works," he was universally laughed at and regarded as an intruder in literature.

"The silence about Shakespeare,"—that is one of the pet superstitions of the Baconians. Mr. Lang has no trouble in showing that we know more about Shakespeare than about the majority of the authors of that age. Here and there a man like Ben Jonson, who had the modern advertising instinct, or one like Marlowe, who got himself into picturesque embroilments, made his personality felt; but in the main the Elizabethan literary group is a congregation of shadows. This is largely true of the men who were really considered poets in that day,—Spenser, Daniel, Drayton. Playwrights were but little regarded.

But, as Mr. Lang says, "Impossible" is the banner word of the anti-Shakespeareans. It is "impossible" that one of Shakespeare's birth and bringing-up should have risen to such heights! Why? Probably a good third of the greatest men of all time have come up from beginnings more inauspicious than were those of Shakespeare. To name only three English writers who have something of parity with Shakespeare in their genius,—Burns, Keats, and Dickens came from a lower social strata, and had comparatively less opportunity for education than Shakespeare. When someone asked the elder Dickens where his son had been educated, he answered, "Why—ah, you may say, sir, that Charles educated himself." Latin was the only gate to learning in Shakespeare's time. There was a good Latin school at Stratford. Up to the time that Shakespeare was thirteen or fourteen his father was well-to-do—one of the leading men of the village. If his son did not attend the school, whose sons did? But learning is a good deal like vaccination—it may take or it may not. Or it is like the Scripture parable of the Sowing of the Seed, some of which fell on good ground and returned a hundred fold, and some of which fell on stony ground and did not come up at all. Granting the fertility of the ground, little seed might produce a great harvest. If Shakespeare was Shakespeare, it is hard to see what better preparation he could have had for the work he was to do. To spend his early years in rural England, in daily experience of those country scenes, customs, and characters which crowd his plays, and then at twenty-one or so to go up to the university of London life, with just enough schooling to appreciate and profit by the society into which he was thrown and the books by which he was surrounded,—does not this seem far more consonant with the throb and vividness of the world which the plays exhibit than an exclusively scholastic training? To seek for accurate and thorough scholarship in Shakespeare is, in Tennyson's phrase, "to milk a he-goat."

Mr. Lang devotes a chapter to the First Folio. There are said to be twenty thousand palpable errors in this volume, besides a larger number of mere typographical slips. Bacon corrected his own works carefully enough. Did he who prized the "New Atlantis" and the "Apothegms" so highly, think the plays (assuming them for the moment to be his) unworthy of the slightest over-seeing? The Baconians assert that he hired Ben Jonson to attend to this; but Jonson was too good a workman to have had a hand in such a mess as the first folio. A new theory is that the plays are the work of "a Great Unknown," neither Shakespeare nor Bacon, who, indifferent to money or fame, unrevealed to actors or public, took the trouble to go through all the stages of a playwright's novitiate and practice, and in the end was so sublimely careless as to let his works be published in such a shocking way. *Stat magni nominis umbra.*

In his chapter on "The Preoccupations of Bacon," Mr. Lang gives a view of the business of this man's life—a life so full and varied that James Spedding, who knew it best, said: "I think I am in a position to state that Lord Bacon did not write the plays." Mr. Lang refuses, however, to set any limits to the powers of genius, whether in Shakespeare or Bacon. Genius, indeed, can do much. Bolivar in one of his campaigns captured a fleet of gunboats in a river by a charge of cavalry. If Bacon had stopped with his philosophical treatises, his essays, even his history, it would have been impossible to say what he might or might not have done in pure literature. But he furnished evidence against himself. He tried to write poetry, he tried to write a romance, he tried to retell humorous and witty stories. He did all these things so badly that to credit him with creative imagination or poetic expression is mere folly. In these matters he is like an elephant trying to play the part of an Ariel.

It is impossible to do justice to all the points at issue which Mr. Lang meets and discusses.

The general aspects of the argument are all that we can attend to, but as far as we can see he weaves his minute web of scholarship without flaw. He writes as one of those who know, and, as he says in his opening paragraph, "the Baconian theory is universally rejected in England by the professors and historians of English literature, and generally by those who have no profession save that of Letters." The same can probably be said for America. In other words, it is rejected by all those who are competent to judge.

The conclusion of the whole matter — but we fear there can be no conclusion, no speedy one at least. A vagary, a heresy has entered the world. It appeals to the iconoclasm innate in many minds, and it appeals somewhat to class prejudice. It will have to work itself out, as heresies do. We are sometimes told that having the Shakespearean work, it really does not matter to the world who created it. Well, it is a poor world which refuses gratitude and honor to its greatest. And if robbing a writer of his reputation becomes the fashion it will react on the literary creators to come. Foolishly or not, an author is usually buoyed up by the hope of influence and remembrance. If he finds that he may be frustrate of the future, may very probably be cheated of his fame, he may turn his energies to other work, or do only what will suffice for his own day.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WALKING.*

The true devotee of walking, if he happens also to possess the knack of writing, will sooner or later betray his own most cherished principle. He knows beyond all other knowledge that walking is a gift of the gods, to be reverently enjoyed and not to be chattered about; he realizes to the full the profanity of staining with inky words those memories of sun-saturated and wind-swept days that have been his upon the open road. But the very ardor of his gratitude for that high gift, the very intensity of his enthusiasm inspired by those beatific memories, seem to impel him irresistibly to utterance; and sooner or later he becomes aware of something before him, the work of his own impious hand, — a poem or an essay, perhaps even a book, in celebration of the mystic joys of the road.

The latest of such apostates is Mr. Arthur Hugh Sedgwick, — the greatest, also, we might say, for his sin extends to an entire volume of duodecimo proportions. But Mr. Sedgwick is no callous or unconscious offender: he pleads guilty at the very outset, and makes a penitent appeal for absolution, in the form of a neatly-rhymed dedication. Here are two of its nine stanzas:

> "How vain my effort, how absurd,
> Considered as a symbol!
> How lame and dull the written word
> To you the swift and nimble!
> How alien to the walker's mind,
> Earth-deep, heaven-high, unfillable,
> These petty snarls and jests ill-laid
> And all the profitless parade
> Of pompous polysyllable!
>
> "But yet, I feel, though weak my phrase
> My rhetoric though rotten,
> At least our tale of Walks and Days
> Should not go unforgotten;
> At least some printed word should mark
> The walker and his wanderings,
> The strides which lay the miles behind
> And lap the contemplative mind
> In calm, unfathomed ponderings."

All this is too deprecatory. There is really nothing whatever of the petty or the pompous in Mr. Sedgwick's pages, and his rhetoric is unimpeachable. Indeed, of all the fine fellows, from Hazlitt to Mr. Belloc, who have written of walking, few have shown a neater facility of composition, a fuller flavor of wit and high spirits, or a closer philosophic grasp of the subject. And it should be remembered that Mr. Sedgwick has had to sustain his pitch through eight chapters, whereas the others wrote only a single essay apiece.

In his first paper, on "Walking and Conversation," while reasserting the basic truism that walking and talking are wholly incompatible, Mr. Sedgwick refutes for all time the superficial corollary that walkers are therefore by temperament a morose and unsocial tribe.

> "Nothing can be further from the truth. Only by construing sociability in the very narrow sense of compliance with current social conventions, can you justify such a position; and even so, I would ask, are walkers the only men who have ever omitted calls or trifled with dance invitations? But if sociability is taken in its true sense as indicating a friendly attitude of mind, I say there is more of it between two walkers treading the eighteenth mile without a word spoken, than between any two diners-out talking twenty-four to the dozen, as if there were a tax on unaccompanied monologue, and a graduated super-tax on silence. When put to the ultimate test of fact this becomes clear. If you have walked with a man you will lend him tobacco, half-a-crown, nay, you will lend him your map; if you have only dined with him, I doubt if you would lend him a silk hat."

Closely related in substance to this essay is

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* WALKING ESSAYS. By Arthur Hugh Sedgwick. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

that on "Walking as a Social Form." Conscious of the fact that the walking fraternity pursue their joys under the shadow of a certain stigma, as enemies in a way to the recognized social forms — dancing, teas, calls, dinners, and what not,— Mr. Sedgwick proceeds to a close philosophic analysis of social forms in general. The result of his investigation is as revolutionary and liberating to the walker as are the conclusions of M. Bergson to the ordinary mortal. Instead of a cringing apologia or a dogmatic defiance, as were hitherto his only resources against the taunts of dancers and diners and tea-bibbers, the walker may now triumphantly refute the validity of that "futile decalogue of mode" to which society has so long given its sanction, and point with serenity to the not distant day when walking will be popularly regarded as the only authentic expression of the social spirit.

Greatly daring, though not without reluctance (for "controversy of any kind is naturally repugnant to the amiable nature of a walker"), Mr. Sedgwick devotes a chapter to "Walking Equipment." Here are revived some mighty questions which have split the ranks of walkers from time immemorial,—questions such as those of high shoes versus low, long trousers versus short, hats versus no hats, or (turning to the internal needs of man) of meat versus vegetables, beer versus water, and so on. Then there are the finer philosophic distinctions, such as the configuration of coats, the functions of waistcoats, the necessity of ties, and the moral value of walking sticks. Within this bristling palisade of problems Mr. Sedgwick walks with fine tact and conciliatory discretion; though he does not hesitate upon occasion to record his own convictions,— as witness the spirited denunciation of beer. (It must be owned, however, that the force of this diatribe is much weakened by a prefatory note disclaiming any application of the remarks to *Munich* beer.)

We wish that space were available for some indication of the wealth of good things in Mr. Sedgwick's other chapters,—in that on "Walker Miles," the humble cicerone of Surrey highways and field-paths; on "Walking and Music," in which the iconoclastic digression on dancing is the best part; on "Walking in Literature," where we rejoice to see justice at last done to that "living embodiment of all that is best in walking," Vernon Whitford; on "Walking Alone," with particular reference to walking in London; and, finally, on "Walking, Sport and Athletics." But we can do no more than quote this concluding apostrophe of the essay last-named:

"Poor, ill-used, neglected, misunderstood body! Our ancestors soddened you with port: our grandfathers overlooked you while they muddled with the soul and mind which are bound up with you: ascetics starved you and hedonists cultivated you in patches: doctors analysed you till there was nothing left but a catalogue of inanimate fragments: economic forces penned you in dens and prisons: fashion clothed you in impossible garments, and kept you up at hours and in atmospheres which outraged your most sacred instincts. And now I make you sit here writing—writing! For heaven's sake, come out for a walk."

It would be rather distressing to have to contemplate the mental equipment of any true "companion of the boot" who did not find infinite relish in Mr. Sedgwick's pages. Many of the walking tribe will, with the reviewer, lay the book down at last in a mood of exalted satisfaction comparable only to that which comes to one after a long day's tramp in the open, when, over tea and a pipe in one of those enchanted gardens that hide so unsuspectedly behind the dusty road-fronts of certain well-remembered English inns — say the "Burford Bridge" at Dorking or the "Rothay" at Grasmere — one muses in vacuous complacency over the rosy aspect of things in general, and the celestial pleasures of walking in particular.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Theodore Dreiser has been long-winded enough in his two previous performances, but in his third novel, "The Financier," he has carried analysis and amplification to an extreme hitherto unattained. There are nearly eight hundred pages in this book, and the story that they tell might have been more effectively set forth with half the number of words. He cannot introduce a new character, of however minor significance, without telling us all about him, or a new situation without enveloping it in a cloud of comment and exposition. The details of Cowperwood's stock manipulations are explained in a manner that may be interesting to stock-brokers, but are unspeakably wearisome to the reader who is impatient for action and results.

* THE FINANCIER. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE NET. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE OLYMPIAN. A Story of the City. By James Oppenheim. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MRS. LANCELOT. A Comedy of Assumptions. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Century Co.

THE STRONG HAND. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE LURE OF LIFE. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

When the financier is on trial for embezzlement, we are given all the steps of the legal procedure, and even the twelve good men and true who act as jurors in the case are individually characterized. The fault of over-elaboration is much more grievous than it was in the case of Mr. White's "A Certain Rich Man," which the present novel resembles in both theme and construction. Mr. Dreiser gives us truth, no doubt, and in that fact is the defence of his method, but it is truth in conglomerate chunks such as the literary artist is under bonds to dispense with. Cowperwood, the chief figure in this narrative, is described as a man who "never gave a thought to the vast palaver concerning evil which is constantly going on." He is utterly without moral sense, and devoid of any principle other than expediency. Born in Philadelphia in the thirties, the son of a bank officer, his attention is early fixed upon the financial game, and he determines as a boy to get into it. While still at school, he carries out certain sharp business transactions, and thereby gets his start. After various experimental sallies, he gets into the stock exchange, and enters upon his real career. Every trick of manipulation seems to come to him intuitively, and he becomes an adept at juggling with values. He makes a specialty of traction stocks, and drags the city treasurer—a weak creature—into his toils, acting as agent for the city loan, and borrowing the city funds to use in his speculative enterprises. His undoing comes with the Chicago fire of 1871 and the ensuing panic, and with the simultaneous exposure of his *liaison* with the daughter of an Irish contractor who has befriended him. The whole rotten situation is brought to light, and he is pursued both by the public clamor that demands a scapegoat and by the private vengeance of the outraged father. In spite of every legal subtlety that can be employed in his favor, he becomes a bankrupt and a convict with a prison sentence of several years. The actual term is cut short to about a year by means of a pardon, and Cowperwood, a free man, finds in the panic of 1873 and the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. the occasion for rehabilitating his fortunes through his knowledge of the stock market. Then he starts for the West to build up a new career in Chicago. Getting his wife to consent to a divorce, he takes his paramour with him, and there the story ends. Those who are familiar with the financial history of recent times know what followed, for, while the study of Cowperwood is doubtless not an exact portrait, it presents so many points of similarity to the figure of a notorious buccaneer of recent days that the reader early entertains a suspicion of his identity. It becomes more than a suspicion when we read this note of his life in the penitentiary. "Every evening he had studied the sky from his narrow yard, which resulted curiously in the gift in later years of a great reflecting telescope to a famous university." The word "reflecting" may be intentional, but we imagine it to be a slip of a sort which the author frequently makes, as when (about 1840) Cowperwood is made to learn the difference between a state bank and a national one. One of the noticeable characteristics of the novel is a certain slovenliness both in the use of language and in the statement of fact. The following instances may be adduced: "The great Chicago fire, October 7th, 1871, . . . began on Saturday, October 7th, and continued apparently unabated until the following Wednesday." The fire began on Sunday evening, the 8th, and had spent its fury early Tuesday morning. Our other instance is in this description of a waltz: "He had put his hand to her waist. His right arm held her left extended arm to arm, palm to palm. Her right hand was on his shoulder, and she was close to him, looking into his eyes." A waltz according to these specifications would excite much admiration in the onlookers. The author of "The Financier" is committed to a method of unflinching realism which makes such an absurdity as this unusually conspicuous. His realism also leads him, on at least two occasions, to forget all the claims of reticence in dealing with the relations between men and women. And we must say that the minute description of the costume worn by Cowperwood's paramour, given us whenever she makes an appearance, is calculated to get on the reader's nerves.

Mr. Rex Beach has taken for the subject of his new novel the New Orleans riots some twenty years ago, the disturbances which subjected a number of Italians to the summary process of lynch law, and caused international complications, the echoes of which have not yet died away. To this theme as a climax he works up, beginning his tale in Sicily several years earlier, with the brutal assassination of a young landed proprietor, just about to become a bridegroom, through the agency of the Mafia. His betrothed, maddened by her bereavement, vows vengeance, and her cause is also taken up by the American friend of the murdered man, who has come to Sicily for the wedding. Then the scene shifts to New Orleans, where the American has his home, and whither the criminals flee for a refuge. The girl simply blots herself out of existence, becoming a nurse in a religious house in New Orleans, and even her collaborator in the plan of vengeance does not suspect that she is living in his own city. Then a series of crimes, presumably attributable to Italians, arouse New Orleans to indignation, and Blake becomes instrumental in bringing them home. Building better than he knows, he discovers that he has unearthed the man who had been guilty of the Sicilian crime of years ago, and reveals a wealthy and respected Italian merchant of the city as the secret head of the Mafiosi. Then comes the trial, in which a pusillanimous jury does not dare to convict, although the evidence furnishes unquestionable proof of guilt. The sequel is what history records, and, although we are no apologists for lynch law, it must be admitted that the author makes a case that works upon our sympathies. The whole story is melodrama of the better sort, moving steadily and

relentlessly to its tragic predetermined close. It is admirable in its construction, and every episode fits logically into the plot. Not upon a single page does the interest flag, and the situation is kept tense all the time. Moreover, the author displays more knowledge of life and more evident powers of characterization than we have hitherto found in his romantic inventions. In the end, Blake marries the girl, which has been a foregone conclusion all the time.

When Kirby Trask starts from somewhere in the middle West to conquer the world, he takes with him the memory of a successful college career followed by a brief reportorial experience, and a letter of introduction to the magnate who controls the steel trust. The letter does him no particular good, but he has industry and willingness, and he obtains and holds several unpromising jobs until he feels himself on his feet. Eventually, he succeeds to the position of the steel trust magnate by the romantic process of winning the latter's daughter. He does not do anything in particular to deserve such a spectacular success, and when the story ends, he is well on the way to develop into the same sort of cold-blooded and unscrupulous man as the one who has unwillingly taken him for a son-in-law. The story of his rise to power is unconvincing, because it does not appear to be a triumph of either business genius or moral endowment. It is for the most part a "fluke," and there is about it no touch of that idealism which we have a right to expect in stories of the present sort. This rather unwholesome story is the work of Mr. James Oppenheim, and its title is "The Olympian." It is realistic and in many ways vital, but is rather common and uninspired in treatment.

"A Comedy of assumptions" is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's description of "Mrs. Lancelot," his latest novel in the Meredithian manner. Among the assumptions not specified, which however are borne in upon the reader's consciousness, are the identities, respectively, of the heroine (here called Georgiana) with Sanchia, and of her poet-lover with Senhouse. As for the Duke of Devizes, we are compelled to think of him as no other than the Iron Duke, because the time of the story is that of the Reform Bill agitation, and there is no other possible Duke of that time whom we could invest with the powers and the qualities here attributed to the figure of Mr. Hewlett's portrayal. The Duke's infatuation for Mrs. Lancelot fits perfectly with that well-known trait of his character which made him silly in the presence of a petticoat, and there is a certain piquancy in finding him here presented as the poet's rival for the affections of Sanchia-Georgiana. Mr. Lancelot is a third contestant for that prize, but being merely her husband, and a person so mean-spirited as to seek advancement through his wife's influence with the Duke, he gets considerably less than a third share of our sympathies, since we feel that he has brought the pangs of jealousy upon himself. The story is animated by a spirit of delicious comedy, and is notable for its psychological discernment. But we must confess that the material is thin, and that the story (considered merely as such) drags not a little toward the end.

Mr. Warwick Deeping is a novelist whose work is always interesting; his situations are well conceived and firmly handled. It is not, then, greatly to his disparagement to say that "The Strong Hand" is an inferior example of his work. His story is that of an enemy of the people in Ibsen's sense — the story of a physician in a country town, who sets the respectable villagers by the ears when he pokes into their wells and drains, and discloses the most shocking conditions of sanitation. The hero of this crusade is a young surgeon who comes to the village as assistant to the doddering old practitioner in whose hands the health of the community has hitherto been trusted. The practical investigations and the blunt speech of the new-comer soon get him into opposition with his chief, and into disfavor with the propertied classes. It takes the horrors of an epidemic to show that he has been a prophet and to justify his actions. Meanwhile, dismissed from his post, he is forced to fight single-handed for decent conditions, and gains his ends only after a hard struggle. His triumph is a little qualified, for toward the end he is forced to make the hard choice between the claims of love and of duty, and love gets rather the better of it, thereby weakening his sense of responsibility, and making him a little less than the moral hero he has set out to become.

"I had the mind of a monk, and you have put the passion of a man into me." This may be taken as the text or the programme of "The Lure of Life," the new novel by Mr. and Mrs. Castle. It is the story of a student, unexpectedly come into possession of fortune and ancestral acres, who is turned from the ways of scholarship by the attractions of a household upon a neighboring estate. It is a Belgian household, established in England for a part of the year, and it consists of the Count and Countess de Braye and their niece Solange de Flodore. It is the Countess for whom Sir Ughtred first conceives a passion, although she is many years his senior, but he thinks to discern in her a soul-mate, until he makes the alarming discovery that she is only philandering with him, and she is by nature a *mangeuse d'âmes*, winning men's devotion for the zest of the sport, with no idea of playing the game to the limit. The complication resulting from this sentimental adventure leads him into a *mariage de convenance* with Solange, a *farouche* creature who has flouted him, but with whom he discovers himself on the honeymoon to be as deeply in love as the most sentimentally-minded young reader could wish. The story is wholly artificial, and, as knowledge of its authorship would lead one to suspect, positively reeking with sentimentality. It sets us wishing, as Mrs. Glyn's "Halcyone" did, that lady-novelists would not attempt to rhapsodize about Greek art and the Greek spirit; they do it so badly.

William Morton Payne.

Briefs on New Books.

Two French masters of the present day.

Two volumes dealing respectively with Puvis de Chavannes and Edouard Manet inaugurate a new art series, entitled "French Artists of To-day" (Lippincott), which promises to prove useful to American lay readers as an introduction to contemporary French art. Paris is at present the eye of humanity, the place where fresh discoveries in vision and experiments in expression are most constantly being made, the most highly energized and vitalized centre of artistic production in the modern world. It is fitting that a set of handbooks interpreting to us a little of this intense creative activity should begin with studies of the two men who perhaps more than any others are responsible for the enthusiasm and the direction of its progress. Puvis de Chavannes and Edouard Manet, different as they were in experience and in method of expression, were alike in courage, in sincerity, and in power of inspiring their disciples. Puvis de Chavannes began his work much more imitatively than Manet,—his early pictures as reproduced here show little differentiation from the suave commonplaces of the academicians; but he outgrew his training, he dared to analyze his own impressions at first-hand and to translate into quietly simple and exquisite idyls the results of his steady contemplation of nature. There is something of Corot in him and something of Maeterlinck; not that his conceptions are not above all his own (the great series of frescoes in the Pantheon is original in every sense of the word), but it is easier in Puvis de Chavannes's work to find echoes of artistic influences than it is in such painting as Manet's. "I am myself alone," shrieked Manet in the face of his first mystified and disgusted public, as he presented to them veracious bits drawn from his own immediate surroundings. He chose to paint the actualities of city life and character, refusing to sentimentalize them as Dumas *fils* was doing in his plays, or, like Chavannes, to withdraw from them into woods and fields peopled by his transforming imagination. Look first at "Olympia," wonderful, tarnished, real creature of the cynical Paris streets that she is, and then turn to the nymphs of "The Sacred Wood," and you have the difference between the two men,—the difference, moreover, between the pragmatist and the idealist in art to-day and every day. One kind of vision is as true and as fruitful as the other, certainly in the immediate instance each has proved as stimulating to the sight and imagination of the generation now working as the other, and both have pointed towards equally fresh possibilities in their medium. These little books will perform a valuable service if they rouse interest in such creators as Chavannes and Manet and their followers. Whether the black and white and not always very distinct illustrations, numerous and well-chosen though they are, can suggest at all adequately originals so remarkable for color, is more than a question; Claude Monet and the later impressionists would surely lose most of their charm in similar reproductions. Yet the volumes pretend only to be introductory to a large field of study, and for that purpose they furnish necessary machinery; the introductions and notes, translated from the French of excellent critics like André Michel and Louis Hourticq, are refreshingly enthusiastic and undidactic, and biographical and bibliographical details are sufficiently indicated.

Some gifted Chinese women.

Whatever may be one's philosophical presuppositions as to the relative excellence of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Christianity, one can scarcely lay down Miss Margaret E. Burton's little volume, "Notable Women of Modern China" (Revell), with any heart left to quarrel with the missions that have produced these particular specimens of modern women. The book consists of sketches of the lives and characters of six Chinese women, all of them Christians. Three of the women are physicians, one is the widow of a mandarin of high rank, one was a teacher, and one a former Taoist nun. The sketches vary somewhat in interest, but no one of them is lacking in value as a document to those who desire to weigh dispassionately the achievement of Christian missions in China. Readers who are at all familiar with the Chinese race will not be wholly surprised by the remarkable charm and attractiveness of nature attributed to all the women depicted, but few will be prepared to discover in a Chinese woman capacity and ability of such extraordinary degree as seem to be possessed by two or more of the subjects of the volume, notably by Miss Mary Stone, the Kiukiang physician. The Chinese are frequently called a passive race, capable of moving only in masses, and wholly deficient in initiative. Either the characterization fails to take account of the influence of environment, and of the change in race habits with the change in environment, or else the Christian religion begets traits contradictory of the habits of the race to which the individual belongs. Only in one of these two ways can we account for the initiative and individuality which characterize the subjects of Miss Burton's sketches. The men who appear incidentally in the book share these traits with the women. The most remarkable person of the six studied is Dr. Mary Stone. The daughter of a Chinese pastor, herself thoroughly prepared by missionary teachers for an American college education, and graduated with honor from the medical school of the University of Michigan, Dr. Stone has demonstrated, according to the testimony of many capable witnesses, extraordinary gifts as a physician, surgeon, administrator, and teacher. Beginning with her friend Dr. Ida Kahn, who later instituted a new work in another city, Dr. Stone has for years conducted a hospital at Kiukiang, securing the funds, designing the buildings, training all the assistants, organizing the staff, and achieving remarkable success as physician and surgeon. But her ability as organizer, her achievement as a teacher of nurses, her sway over the extensive work that she has de-

veloped, are no more impressive than are her personal character and her social attractiveness. As the central figure in the book, Miss Stone is surrounded by almost equally pleasing personalities, one of the most winsome being her younger sister,—victim a few years ago to tuberculosis, but leaving behind a record of unusual ability and achievement and of great sweetness of nature. Miss Burton's book should have a wide reading, and one may venture to hope that it will dispel at least a small part of the fog of misconception which clouds American thought in regard to the Chinese.

Shakespeare and immortality.

Professor George H. Palmer's "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakspere" (Houghton) is the thirteenth of the series of lectures on immortality delivered at Harvard under the provisions of the Ingersoll Lectureship. It differs from most of its predecessors in abandoning the theoretic aspects of the subject in order to scrutinize the testimony of one whose unparalleled insight into mortality at least is universally conceded — to examine, in the lecturer's own words, "an instance in English literature where the massive truth *naïvely* discloses its varied meanings and practical import." Holding that we treat immortality too much as an abstract matter instead of something to be discovered among the concrete experiences of life, he regards Shakespeare as a peculiarly valuable witness because he is so little concerned with theology and so reticent in regard to his own beliefs. Though Professor Palmer cautiously shields his findings under the title of "Intimations," they are by no means insignificant. Accepting the order of the sonnets as substantially correct, he discovers the poet dwelling, in their three groups, upon three successive types of immortality, which may be designated as the Natural, the Ideal, and the Spiritual. The first two of these are perhaps sufficiently obvious; it is not so clear that the third is present in the third group as a constituent or pervading element, though it comes at least once, in sonnet one hundred forty-six, to very definite expression. Historical criticism is not likely to abandon its attempts to solve the mystery of these baffling poems; but so long as the mystery remains unsolved, a consistent reading of them in any aspect, such as is here offered, will be welcome. However, Professor Palmer set out upon a very different quest, and the particular thing which he has brought back is the fact that Shakespeare "once at least looked into immortality."

An appeal for aristocracy in art.

Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici has combined two great subjects, "Nietzsche and Art" (Luce), and has written a provocative book on this double theme. But aside from the *leitmotif* and a few quotations, Nietzsche is in no way responsible for this study. "Ludovici and Art" would have been a more correct but less fetching title. Mr. Ludovici thinks as follows: Art is possibly the greatest thing on earth, for artists interpret the world, give values to things, adjust nature, and impose order upon chaos. But the art of to-day is in a pitiable plight. Confusion and lack of strong ideals prevail not only in politics and religion but also in art. Artistically we do not know what we want; we only know, if we have any artistic sense, that what we have is not good. Democracy is the ubiquitous demon which is responsible for the hopeless condition of modern art. Everybody feels called to paint—preferably landscapes and portraits —and attributes this calling to his artistic temperament, whereas it is only a betrayal of his weak will. Therefore, to point out only a few of the decadents in Mr. Ludovici's estimation, Monet's *pointillisme*, Sargent's nervous strokes, Rodin's detailed anatomy, the Impressionists' atmosphere, Peter Graham's gauzes, Lavery's pale people, indeed the devotion of all modern artists to truth in the Christian and scientific sense,—all these are indications of the general "funk" that has overtaken the art world. What we need is superman-art, the art that comes from one great commander with a host of merry followers, such art as built the Egyptian Pyramid and wrought the diorite statue of King Chephren at Cairo. We need aristocratic art, with symmetry, sobriety, simplicity, transfiguration, and repetition. Now, this book is the outcome of much study; it scintillates about the Old Masters; the author's point is clearly made; and that there is some ground for grievance in the world of art, all will admit. But only a negligible minority will say that the case of art is as bad as it is here painted. And practically none will ascribe any imperfect art that is being produced to-day to the Luthers and Humboldts and Bebels of this and other days. The situation is not hopeless. Where so many paint some will surely draw. And since this book is silent on Nietzsche's attitude toward literature and music, where he was so voluble, and since it is so voluble on painting and sculpture, where Nietzsche was practically dumb, the title is unfair all around: it flatters the writer, cajoles the reader, and mismates Nietzsche.

An Englishman's bachelor honeymoon in America.

Mr. James Milne, following close on the heels of Mr. Arnold Bennett, but not stepping in his very footprints, gives the world his impressions of America (that is, of the United States and Canada) in "John Jonathan and Company" (Macmillan), which purports to be "the full, true, and particular record, with observations, reflections, and confessions, of a bachelor honeymoon over the Atlantic, through America and Canada, and home again to England, all duly set down in a proper manner." The narrator's sweetheart is supposed to send him out to see the world and make sure of his own heart before the irrevocable word shall have been uttered at the altar. This playful conceit is happily handled, and the familiar letters written home by the traveller are excellent reading. There is more of graceful play of fancy, more of character-study and of quiet and meditative observation, than in Mr. Bennett's far-trumpeted volume. What should most interest a European in

America, is thus stated: "But if he thinks that man is man's most interesting study, that possible gleams into the future are as good to get as the lights of long ago, then assuredly he should try America. It still runs full-speed ahead, and it still has an open mind as to the goal, so here is a crying interest for you, who like to follow human progress even in my poor epistles." Another passage: "Never is the American more delightful than when he is an author, an artist, a journalist, a composer, a doctor, a lawyer, a professor, in a word when he is the professional man. As such he is not burdened with the hoary moss called etiquette, which clings to his calling in an old country." It is, then, the people and not the sky-scrapers and the Pullman cars and the mammoth hotels that interest Mr. Milne, and his interest is most agreeably and entertainingly expressed. On an early page the critic cannot fail to note in passing an instance of that wilfulness of the personal pronoun to which Professor Lounsbury is just now calling attention. The author writes of the iceberg that wrecked the Titanic: "It rips her open, she, the unconquerable, the unsinkable, . . ." The reader's attention to what Mr. Milne has to say is undistracted by pictures, except that a frontispiece represents "the spirit of the Atlantic" in a full-rigged ship drawn by Mr. Charles Pears.

The heroic age in Greek and Teutonic poetry.

The relations of Greek and Teutonic heroic poetry offer a tempting theme to the archæologist or *littérateur;* but the alluring path is bound to be thorny for the adventurer who dreams of definite conclusions. However, Mr. H. Munro Chadwick, Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, has just written a large volume, "The Heroic Age" (Putnam), wherein he strives to bring these relations to light,—or, as he modestly states, to make a start in that direction. He takes the Heroic Age of the Teutonic peoples as covering approximately three hundred years, and closing about the middle of the sixth century; the Greek Heroic Age he regards as terminating with the series of movements traditionally known as the Return of the Heracleidai, and covering three or four generations. Mr. Chadwick believes that the resemblances between the Teutonic group of poems and the Homeric poems "are due primarily to resemblances in the ages to which they relate and to which they ultimately owe their origin. The comparative study of heroic poetry therefore involves the comparative study of 'Heroic Ages,' and the problems which it presents are essentially problems of anthropology." In the earlier chapters the author treats of such subjects as "The Heroic Age of the Teutonic Peoples," "The Poetry and Minstrelsy of Early Times," and "The Supernatural Elements in the [Northern] Heroic Stories." Then he proceeds to the Greek period, and takes up corresponding topics. In the last hundred pages he becomes more definitely comparative under such captions as "The Common Characteristics of Teutonic and Greek Heroic Poetry," "Religion in the Heroic Age," or "The Causes and Antecedent Conditions of the Heroic Age." Obviously we cannot enter upon a detailed criticism, and it is with extreme reluctance that we record an opinion unsupported by evidence; but we feel that the results attained in the volume are by no means commensurate either with the reputation of the distinguished author or the amount of toil he has cheerfully lavished upon his project. The material book will be a joy to any reader who appreciates good typography and presswork.

A timely collection of Loti's sketches.

After the late visit among us of the popular French author whom we know in literature as Pierre Loti, but who to his friends in daily life is Captain Viaud, there is a manifest timeliness in the issue of the little volume of brief miscellanies designated on its title-page as "Carmen Sylva and Sketches from the Orient" (Macmillan). These pieces, presented in an "authorized translation" by Mr. Fred Rothwell, were written twenty or more years ago, and thus their claim to favor must rest on a more substantial basis than mere novelty. More than a third of the book is devoted to the author's reminiscences of the Roumanian queen, whom he waited upon at her castle of Sinaia, later in Bucharest, and again in her comparative seclusion at Venice after she had incurred the displeasure of her people by urging the marriage of her maid of honor, Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco, to the prince royal. It is a pathetic picture of a saddened and physically failing queen he leaves with us. "Constantinople in 1890," three short pages on "Serpent Charmers," some notes written in 1885 and entitled "A Few Forgotten Pages of 'Madame Chrysanthème,'" and a skilful sketch descriptive of "Japanese Women in 1890," complete the volume, whose closing lines prove that his passion for the Orient has not blinded the author to the faults of far-eastern women—or at least of some of them. He calls the women of Japan "affected and finical in mind and body, artificial and prim," their very souls "old and worn out," perhaps because, as he surmises, "their race has for so many centuries been separated from the other varieties of the human species, living on its own stock and never being renovated." These well-translated sketches serve as fair specimens of Loti's style. A portrait of "Carmen Sylva" accompanies them.

A book of jest and jollity.

Mr. Walter Jerrold, worthy grandson to Douglas of pleasant memory, forestalls one almost inevitable criticism upon his "Book of Famous Wits" (McBride) by inscribing on an early page as his motto the opening words of Longfellow's well-known poem, "The Village Blacksmith"—"Under the spreading chestnut tree." No considerable work like that of Mr. Jerrold's could possibly fail to contain many anecdotes familiar to the well-informed reader; but as the Right Honorable Robert Farquharson said in recommending "Joe Miller's Jest Book"—our informant is Mr. Jerrold himself—"though there are some chestnuts

among them, with judicious warming they will come out as good as new, and even if your hearers have heard them before in the dim and distant past, they will open long disused cells of association and recollection in the brain, just as those old-world smells of pot-pourri or of antiquated scents often bring back such floods of memory." Without weighting his book with bibliographical notes, the careful compiler has made it plain that he has sought the earliest and best available authorities for the utterances attributed to the "famous wits" of his volume. After an agreeable discussion of wit and humor in general, with incidental defense of the pun — the lowest form of wit, and therefore, as Erskine maintained, the foundation of all wit — he introduces in chronological order, with brief biographical accompaniment, his celebrated fun-makers, from Queen Elizabeth's time to the present. A story not without its obvious bearing on the Shakespeare-Bacon question, though recorded without reference thereto, is that of the convicted criminal who appealed to his judge, Sir Nicholas Bacon, to spare his life on the plea of kinship between them. "How so?" demanded Sir Nicholas. "Because my name is Hog and yours is Bacon; and hog and bacon are so near akin that they cannot be separated." "Ay; but you and I cannot yet be kindred," objected the judge, "for hog is not bacon until it be well hanged." Due honor is paid to Douglas Jerrold, whose best sayings are repeated, but his portrait is not among the dozen that fittingly adorn the work. It is an excellent book; it stands the severe test of consecutive reading.

Sketches of the younger novelists.

Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper, whose book entitled "Some American Story Tellers" is remembered as a refreshing presentation of information not readily accessible elsewhere, has published a companion volume called "Some English Story Tellers: A Book of the Younger Novelists" (Holt). In view of the fact that this title was "deliberately chosen," one is somewhat surprised to find that the author has included Mr. De Morgan, who was born before the death of Frances Burney, and has excluded Mr. H. G. Wells, born over a quarter of a century later. Among the novelists discussed are Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Locke, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Bennett; and to represent the easy-going catholic temper of the author we might add Mrs. Dudeney, Mr Hichens, and Mr. Trevena. The treatment, in each case, involves a few words regarding the novelist's position, something of his life, and an expository account of his chief writings, with enough critical appraisement to make the reader glad that there is no more. This does not mean that Mr. Cooper is extraordinarily lacking in the critical faculty: he writes nimbly and sensibly, makes no palpable blunders of consequence, and, considering the difficulty of weighing the merits of living writers, rarely forgets that the critic must have something to say. But beyond this faint praise one can hardly go. Aside from its critical aspect, the book is admirable enough: it is entertaining, it abounds in facts that are significant as well as unfamiliar, it contains a forty-page bibliography, and it is illustrated with a number of photographs that many devotees of the modern novel will scrutinize with sentimental satisfaction.

Mr. George Moore continues his "Trilogy."

The second part, "Salve," of Mr. George Moore's autobiographic trilogy ("Hail and Farewell") is as rambling and varied and pleasantly haphazard as was the first part, "Ave," and as, doubtless, will be the third part, "Vale," now in preparation. Disapproving England's attitude in the Boer War, our brilliant and impulsive author shakes off the dust of London from his feet and betakes himself to Dublin to become a "Gaelic League propagandist." And there of course he falls in with the celebrated Irish poets of the day, and with other celebrities and non-celebrities, with whom he has high and impassioned discourse on all imaginable topics, and a few others. In a passing reference to Mr. Chesterton's classing of Francis Thompson with Shelley and Keats, he remarks, in aptly idiomatic phrase: "He must have been thinking with the surface of his brain when he compared Francis Thompson with Shelley; casual thinking always puts wrong words into our heads." A list of the great French writers of the nineteenth century which he gives omits Daudet and Dumas (both father and son), though it includes Zola and Maupassant and Gautier. Religious controversy and all sorts of more or less heated debate are found in abundance in the book, and no reader of any convictions of his own can fail to find some one or other of his pet opinions rather unceremoniously handled — which will impart zest to his perusal of the volume. The literature of autobiography can show nothing to match this trilogy of Mr. George Moore's. (Appleton.)

Advice for the sleepless.

"Simple Rules for Overcoming Insomnia" is the sub-title of Dr. Joseph Collins's brief discourse upon a vital subject, "Sleep and the Sleepless" (Sturgis & Walton Co.), which makes it plain that Morpheus is not to be wooed, but his adversaries overcome. It is an eminently rational book, and is addressed to those who are ready and able to direct the regimen of life by reasonable methods. It argues in commonsense fashion, yet with the reinforcement of scientific data, for the removal of causes that disturb the recuperative functions and make the ills that mind is heir to. It sets forth briefly but emphatically the use of drugs and the larger abuse to which drugs invite, as well as the conditions of their wise application. It offers no secrets, because there are none to offer; it neither alarms nor seeks refuge in an ignoring bliss that postpones the day of reckoning. It advises expertly even to the character of literary companions to be chosen for their soothing effect in putting one to sleep. The whole forms so acceptable a guide to the problems of regimen that its perusal may be recommended to those whose sleep is

troubled or untroubled,—for even the latter have problems of regimen not unrelated to the more serious tribulations of their sleepless kinsmen. Whether we bless the inventor of sleep or deplore its necessity, we do well to accept the limitations of our inheritance and seek wisdom in adapting desire to capacity.

Collected verse of a gifted Englishwoman.

When Rosamund Marriott Watson died, something more than a year ago, the fact was given only the barest mention even in the literary journals of her own country. Yet by many discriminating poetry-lovers on both sides of the Atlantic the loss was felt in a keenly intimate sense. A "humbler poet" she assuredly was, with limitations which she would have been the first to admit; but nevertheless, few among her fellow-singers of the past quarter-century have been more adept in reaching and stirring the reflective heart. She handled a wide variety of metrical forms with facility and delicate grace. Her themes are many and various also; but in most of her verse, whatever the subject, "the sense of tears in mortal things" is uppermost. This insistent note of sadness, this wistful preoccupation with the idea of death and transition, has indeed greatly limited her appeal in a generation that is determined to be jolly at all odds. But she has found, and will continue to find, her fit audience, however few, by whom the five small volumes of her published verse will always be cherished. The contents of these five volumes have now been brought together in a collected edition (John Lane Co.), with the addition of a selection of new poems which it had been the author's intention to publish in a separate volume under the title, "The Lamp and the Lute." Some of the exquisite garden lyrics from "The Heart of a Garden" are also included in this section. Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, the poet's husband, edits this collected edition. The volume is well printed and bound, and contains a photogravure portrait.

A Southern soldier and churchman.

All that filial devotion and the love and respect of friends could do to honor the memory of a man eminent in his calling of soldier, educator, and churchman, has been placed at the service of the biographer of "The Soldier-Bishop, Ellison Capers" (Neale). Mr. Walter B. Capers, the late bishop's youngest son and president of Columbia Institute, at Columbia, Tennessee, has acted as scribe in the compiling of available data concerning his father's life; but the other six surviving sons and daughters, and many friends and admirers of the "soldier-bishop" have gladly assisted with letters and other contributions, and the journal and letters of the deceased have also been largely drawn upon. Ellison Capers was born at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 14, 1837; finished his school education at Arsenal Academy, Columbia, where he afterward taught until the outbreak of war called him to the service of his state; distinguished himself notably at the battle of Jackson, Miss., was wounded at Chickamauga, promoted brigadier-general soon afterward, and was with Hood and Johnston in the arduous campaigns of the Army of the Tennessee. In the ministry, which he entered not long after laying aside the sword, he became Bishop of South Carolina; and in 1904 he was elected Chancellor of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn. He died in 1908. Tributes to his memory and selections from his public utterances fill the last part of the volume. Portraits and other illustrations enrich the work.

The links of ancient Rome.

The Brothers of the Book is the name of an organization of literary amateurs which publishes quaint and curious little books from time to time for the delight of its members and a few favored outsiders. One of its recent issues is a pamphlet whose title runs as follows: "Campi Golfarii Romæ Antiquæ: De Ludo Antiquo Regalique Excerptum ex Actis Diurnis C. Cilni Maecenatis in Versum Modernum Convertit et Annotavit P. Sibleius Ferus" (Chicagine: In Linea Sartoris). Which being interpreted means that certain verses about the game of golf, written by Mr. Bert Leston Taylor for the column of whimsicalities which he edits in a Chicago newspaper, have been put into Latin by Mr. Payson Sibley Wild, and provided with an imposing array of learned apparatus. The Latin text purports to have been discovered by Dr. von Aberwitz of the University of Hofbräu, and to reveal the fact that the ancient game was in favor with the Roman emperors, and was wellnigh the undoing of Augustus Cæsar, driving him to strong language and to drink.

> "Nos modo Caudas Gallorum Martini,
> Modo lagenas arcessimus, vini."

The note which describes the Martini runs as follows: "Permixtio delicatissima mellis, malorum citreorum, amarorum, 'aquæ igneæ' et olivarum pipere refertarum," attributed to Plinius Tertius, which seems to be an accurate and workable description. It is all excellent fooling, and the conceit is worked out with wit and verve.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Rich's "Apolonius and Silla," edited by Mr. Morton Luce, and the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, with Latin text and Elizabethan translation, edited by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, are two additions to "The Shakespeare Classics," published by Messrs. Duffield & Co.

Professor Egbert Ray Nichols has compiled a second volume of "Intercollegiate Debates," covering the year 1910–11. It will, like its predecessor, find an enthusiastic welcome among college and high school students. Messrs. Hinds, Noble, & Eldredge are the publishers.

In her volume entitled "Noted Speeches of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun," Miss Lilian Marie Briggs has edited for school use six famous orations which had a marked influence upon American history. The book is published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co.

To his series of new translations from Plutarch, Professor Bernadotte Perrin now adds the lives of Nicias and Alcibiades, and provides them with a very elaborate

apparatus of annotation. With this volume the author completes his design, begun in "Themistocles and Aristides" and advanced in "Cimon and Pericles," of presenting in popular form material for the critical study of "the greatest century in the history in Athens." The Messrs. Scribner are the publishers.

Four volumes of the handsome library edition of William Sharp now being published by Messrs. Duffield & Co. are at hand. Two of them contain Mrs. Sharp's memoir of her husband; the other two are "Vistas" and "Literary Geography and Travel Sketches." This series is in addition to the "Fiona Macleod" books, which are published in a separate collection.

The "Scientific American Reference Book" for 1913, published by Messrs. Munn & Co., is a compendium of useful information about such timely subjects as Antarctic discovery, the Panama Canal, wireless telegraphy, and hundreds of others. Its six hundred pages are crammed with facts, many of which are not accessible in the ordinary works of reference. There are also many illustrations. This book seems to supply a real want.

The "Music Lovers' Cyclopedia" (Doubleday), as now issued, is a revised edition, in a single volume, of the work formerly published in two. The editor is Mr. Rupert Hughes, and he has spared no pains to make the work one which shall meet all the demands the lay lover of music may make upon it. There are dictionaries of composers and musical terms, plots of operas, essays on special subjects, and all sorts of other matter conveniently arranged for ready reference. It is published at a modest price, and contains nearly a thousand pages.

In Dr. E. W. Scripture's little book entitled "Stuttering and Lisping" (Macmillan) is set forth the nature of one of the most common and distressing interferences with the normal life. The technical equipment of the author is unusual, inasmuch as he combines an early psychological training with many years of special research in phonetics, and is now a practitioner in the treatment of nervous disease. There is so little available on this subject representative of modern views that the book will at once find its public. In a measure it attempts too much, since it aims at once to be a guide for the general practitioner, a record of the methods of investigation, and a manual of practical exercises in the cure of these impediments. Apart from the unavoidable confusion in maintaining a coördination in so many directions, the volume meets its requirements.

The aim of Dr. Peloubet's new "International Bible Dictionary" (Winston) is high, in that it endeavors to bring to the great body of teachers and readers the results of the latest modern biblical scholarship. The editor also deserves praise for omitting from its pages such speculative theories and hypotheses as overburden some of the larger dictionaries. The proper names of the Bible, which are always troublesome to students, are both marked for pronunciation and defined according to their derivation. Tables of money, weights, and measures are prepared on the basis of the latest investigations of specialists. The chronological scheme adopted (in an Appendix) is that of the late Professor Beecher of Auburn Theological Seminary. The fourteen new colored maps of Bible lands are a splendid addition to any student's equipment. It is particularly gratifying to find one editor of a popular dictionary of the Bible who realizes the inherent value of ocular instruction. Dr. Peloubet illumines and decorates his pages by five hundred illustrations, nearly all of which appear here for the first time. The moderate cost of the book will put it within reach of many readers who could not afford the other more expensive single-volume dictionaries.

When Mr. Lewis Melville was collecting material for his recent biography of William Beckford, he obtained permission of the Duke of Hamilton, a collateral descendant from Beckford, to examine the Beckford papers at Hamilton Palace; and there, in two large chests never before explored by a man of letters, he discovered, amid other important documents, some large bundles of manuscript, written in French, which proved to be the unpublished "Episodes" of the famous oriental tale for which Beckford is chiefly remembered. These papers had hitherto been supposed to be lost. In a portly volume, entitled "The Episodes of Vathek" (Lippincott), they are now given to the world, both in the original French of Beckford, and in a flowing and readable translation by Sir Frank T. Marzials. The English version is placed first, in large print; the French original next, in smaller type; and an introduction of some length, consisting chiefly of extracts from the correspondence between Beckford and his friend Henley, is supplied by Mr. Melville. A photogravure portrait of the author serves as frontispiece.

The "Text-book of Design" by Messrs. Charles Fabens Kelley and William Luther Mowll, is intended primarily for college students and others of equivalent training. It presents, in form at once attractive and studied, the concepts of design in fresh contact with nature and imagination as opposed to stylistic retrospection, and of design organically expressive rather than merely "decorative." Although the text confessedly restates the theory of pure design now generally accepted, the theory of expressive design is developed with a novelty and insight which makes the book an original contribution. The inevitable abstractness of the theoretical presentation is well relieved by constant references to practice, and the rich and judicious illustration from objects of the highest beauty supplies the atmosphere and stimulation which have been noticeably lacking in some previous books on design. For the development of taste and imagination, the superiority of the analytic method here used over an organization on the basis of "historic ornament" can scarcely be overestimated. (Houghton.)

The fifth section of the fifth part of "Modern American Library Economy" (Elm Tree Press) considerably exceeds in size any preceding issue of the series, running to the length of 134 pages and covering the important subject of instruction to children on the selection and use of books. "Course of Study for Normal School Pupils on Literature for Children" is the title of the work, its authors being Mrs. Julia S. Harron, Miss Corinne Bacon, and the general editor of the series, Mr. John Cotton Dana. Directions and suggestions, with booklists and prescribed readings, on all departments of literature within the juvenile scope (and perhaps somewhat beyond it) are set down in methodic order — possibly indeed with so much attention to method as to cause some danger lest the student end by exalting the letter above the spirit. A parting counsel might have been useful, urging the prospective teacher of the book's principles to assimilate all the excellent matter within its covers and then to let free initiative have rather unrestricted play. The wise person will do this in any event. Like its predecessors, the little manual is admirably thorough and systematic.

NOTES.

"English Cathedral Journeys," by Miss Kate F. Kimball, will be added soon to Messrs. Crowell's "Travel Series."

"Modern Problems," by Sir Oliver Lodge, is an important volume immediately forthcoming from George H. Doran Co.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, has a volume nearly ready for the press entitled "The Foundations of a National Drama."

A series of pen-sketches by the German writer, Maximilian Harden, depicting various "Monarchs and Men" in contemporary life, is announced by the John C. Winston Co.

A new book by Ellen Key, dealing with Rahel Varnhagen as "a prophecy of the woman of the future," will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam in a translation made by Mr. A. G. Chater.

"The Fear of Living," by M. Henry Bordeaux, which was "crowned" by the French Academy and has run through several editions in the original, is announced for publication by Messrs. Dutton in a translation by Ruth Helen Davis.

Three novels announced for early publication by the John C. Winston Co. are the following: "Written in the Sand," by Mr. G. R. Duval; "The Reluctant Lover," by Mr. Stephen McKenna; and "The Mystery of 31, New Inn," by Mr. R. Austin Freeman.

An interesting event in connection with the inauguration of President Wilson will be the publication by Houghton Mifflin Co. of a limited Riverside Press edition in one volume of three of his best-known essays,—"Mere Literature," "The Author Himself," and "On an Author's Choice of Company."

Four novels appearing on Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell Company's spring list are the following: "A Superman in Being," by Mr. Litchfield Woods; "The Debt," a story of South African life, by Mr. William Westrupp; and "Princess Athura," a romance dealing with events in ancient Persia, by Mr. Samuel W. Odell.

"The Parasite" by Mrs. Helen R. Martin, which J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish at once, is said to be different in both setting and characters from this author's well-known Mennonite stories. Simultaneously with this, Messrs. Lippincott will publish a novel by Mr. Crittenden Marriott, entitled "Sally Castleton, Southerner."

The eighth edition of the library-cataloguer's *vade mecum*, the "Decimal Classification" inseparably associated with Mr. Melvil Dewey's name and fame, is promised by the publishers for "early spring." Some of the chief collaborators in the work of revision have been unavoidably delayed in furnishing their "copy" to the printer. Hence the retardation.

A volume of timely interest is Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's "Republican France, 1870–1912: Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes and Social Life," which Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. will have ready shortly. Mr. Vizetelly's long residence in France and his relations with many distinguished Frenchmen have enabled him to write largely at first hand.

"Neale's Monthly" makes its entry into the magazine field with a first (January) issue containing much interesting matter, presented in well printed and illustrated form. Of chief importance among the contents is the first of a series of five papers embodying the Italian reminiscences of Mrs. Kinney, the mother of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and published under the editorship of Miss Laura Stedman and Dr. George M. Gould. Another valuable feature is Dr. Archibald Henderson's article on Colonel Richard Henderson—the first instalment of a series dealing with "Forerunners of the Republic."

Several volumes of decided interest to be published at once by Houghton Mifflin Co. are the following: "Irish Plays and Playwrights," by Mr. Cornelius Weygandt; "Field Days in California," by the late Bradford Torrey; "A Wayfarer in China," by Miss Elizabeth Kendall; "Old Homes of New Americans," dealing with one phase of the immigration problem, by Dr. Francis E. Clark; and "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," by Dr. Hugo Münsterberg.

Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, sailed recently for England where at Oxford University he will deliver a series of lectures on "The Real World and the Christian Ideas." These lectures will later be gathered together and those which Dr. Royce delivered before the Lowell Institute on "The Christian Doctrine of Life" added to them, and the whole published in two volumes under the general title "The Problem of Christianity." The work will probably appear in April.

The rapidly-diminishing group of older American publishers has suffered another severe loss in the death, on January 9, of James W. McIntyre, of Little, Brown, & Co. Mr. McIntyre had been identified with the bookselling and publishing business in America for nearly half a century, all but one year of this period being devoted to the service of the Boston firm in which he has been a partner since 1897. In addition to business ability of a high order, he was a capable literary scholar, and it is largely to his editorial skill and judgment that the various complete editions of standard authors issued by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. owe their wide success.

The Library of Congress acquired in the year covered by its latest Report 120,664 printed books and pamphlets, and has now 2,012,393 printed books and pamphlets. The number of "bound volumes," by which the great libraries of the world are commonly ranked in the order of their size, is not given; but undoubtedly our national library is secure in its claim to stand third on the list, the Bibliothèque Nationale and the British Museum Library being its only superiors in point of bigness. As an illustration of the astonishing cumulative rate at which a library almost invariably grows, we note that since the opening of the century the Library of Congress has more than doubled in the size of its collection, a somewhat alarming rate of progress toward congestion in the stack-room.

The arrangement between the University of Chicago and the University of Cambridge, by which the latter is given the exclusive agency in the British Empire for the former's publications, is now being supplemented by a reciprocal agreement, the Chicago institution taking over the American agency for a number of the Cambridge publications. An arrangement has already been concluded for the Cambridge journals, and the following periodicals in the future will be issued in America under joint imprint: "Biometrika," "Parasitology," "Journal of Genetics," "The Journal of Hygiene," "The Modern Language Review," "The British Journal of Psychology," and "The Journal of Agricultural Science." Several new books from the Cambridge list are also to be taken over at once and published in this country under joint auspices. The list includes "The Life and Letters of Lord Hardwicke," by M. Philip Chesney Yorke; "The Duab of Turkestan," by W.

Rickmer Rickmers; "The History of Romanesque and Byzantine Architecture," by Thomas Graham Jackson; and "The Genus Iris," by William Rickatson Dykes. This movement toward a closer coöperation between the two universities is a matter that should be of interest to all who are concerned with the advancement of scientific and scholarly research and the preservation of its results. The difficulties involved in the publication of such material are too obvious to need comment, and it is to be hoped that an arrangement that promises so much aid in this direction may be further extended.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press propose to publish a comprehensive History of India, from the earliest times to the present day, on the model of the "Cambridge Modern History." The work, as projected, will be completed in six volumes of about six hundred pages, two volumes being devoted to each of the main periods—Ancient India, Muhammadan India, and British India,— under the editorship, respectively, of Professor E. J. Rapson, Lieut.-Col. T. Wolseley Haig, I.S.C., and Sir Theodore Morison, K.C.I.E. The various chapters in these sections will be entrusted to scholars who have made a special study of the period or subject; and the Syndics hope, in this way, to produce a history of the nations of India past and present which shall take its place as the standard work.

Mrs. Julia Caroline (Ripley) Dorr, poet and novelist, died in her eighty-eighth year at her home in Rutland, Vermont, Jan. 18. She was born at Charleston, S. C., the daughter of parents formerly living in San Domingo, and there was French blood in her veins. Fond of writing from childhood, Mrs. Dorr first appeared in print with a poem sent by her husband, the late Seneca R. Dorr, to the old "Union Magazine," a year or two after their marriage in 1847. In her list of works are found "Farmingdale," "Lanmere," "Sybil Huntington," "Expiation," "Friar Anselmo," "Afternoon Songs," "Afterglow," "Beyond the Sunset," and many others. Mrs. Dorr held the degree of Litt.D. from Middlebury College and was well acquainted with the great nineteenth-century authors of New England in their time.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1918.

Airman, Experiences of an. Augustus Post . . *American*
Alaska as a Territory of the United States. A. Holman . . . . . *Century*
Alcohol, Habitual Use of. H. C. Wood . . . *Lippincott*
America, Discovering, by Motor. R. D. Paine . *Scribner*
Arctic, My Quest in the—III. Vilhjalmur Stefansson . . . . . *Harper*
Asia, How the Railroad is Modernizing. L. R. Freeman . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Author, The Ailing. Bailey Millard . . . . . *Bookman*
Automobile, The, and Its Mission. H. L. Towle. *Scribner*
Barrator, The Artful. G. Harding . . . . . *Harper*
Bergson's View of Organic Evolution. H. W. Shimer . . . . . *Popular Science*
Berlin. Price Collier . . . . . *Scribner*
Bernhardt, Sarah. Robert Grau . . . . . *American*
Broadhurst, Addison: Master Merchant. E. M. Woolley . . . . . *World's Work*
Brooks, Phillips, and German Preaching. F. G. Peabody . . . . . *North American*
Business, Bad, Bacteria of. J. R. Williams. *World's Work*
Business, New Democracy of. C. M. Keyes. *World's Work*
Canadian Expansion. Edward Porritt . . *North American*
Cartoons, American, of To-day. F. Weitenkampf. *Century*
China, The Geologic History of, and Its Influence on the Chinese People. Eliot Blackwelder. *Popular Science*
China's Revolution and Its Effect. Ching-Chun Wang . . . . . *North American*
Churches, Empty. Cosmo Hamilton . . . . . *Forum*
Cities, Two, That Turned Farmers. F. P. Stockbridge . . . . . *World's Work*
Civic Myopia, A Cure for. Robert W. Bruère . . *Harper*
Collector, The Poor, and His Problems. F. A. King. *Bookman*
College or University? Stewart Paton . . *Popular Science*
Death, The Second. Josiah Royce . . . . . *Atlantic*
De Senectute. Henry D. Sedgwick . . . . . *Atlantic*
Education, Alice and. F. B. R. Hellems . . . . *Atlantic*
Efficiency of Labor, Problem of the. H. T. Lewis. *Pop. Sci.*
Emancipation Proclamation, How Boston Received the. Fanny G. Villard . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Etchers, Some Modern English. Cleveland Palmer. *Bookman*
Europe's Many-Sided Democracy. Jesse Macy. *Rev. of Revs.*
Farmer, The, and Finance. M. T. Herrick . . . *Atlantic*
Federal Appropriation Bills, Scandal of the. T. E. Burton . . . . . *World's Work*
Fraternities in Women's Colleges: A Symposium. *Century*
Freedom, The New—II. Woodrow Wilson. *World's Work*
Geodesy, French. Henri Poincaré . . . *Popular Science*
Gissing, New Lights on. George Middleton . . *Bookman*
Gold Supply, Investor and the—II. E. S. Meade. *Lippincott*
Health, National, and Medical Freedom . . . . *Century*
Health and Horse-Power. Woods Hutchinson . *American*
Horse, "Educated," The Abilities of an. M. V. O'Shea . . . . . *Popular Science*
Howells, William Dean. W. B. Trites . . . . . *Forum*
Hudson Bay Route, The. P. T. McGrath . *Rev. of Revs.*
Industrial Research. R. K. Duncan . . . . . *Harper*
Iowa State Colleges, The. W. R. Boyd. *Review of Reviews*
Isthmus, Sanitation of the. J. B. Bishop . . . *Scribner*
Japan's Commercial Crisis. J. D. Whelpley . . *Century*
Labor, Battle Line of—IV. S. P. Orth . *World's Work*
Lincoln, First Attempt on the Life of. Allan Pinkerton . . . . . *American*
Lincoln as a Boy Knew Him. J. L. Kaine . . . *Century*
Lincoln's Assassination, New Story of. Jesse W. Weik . . . . . *Century*
Machine-Trainers, The. G. S. Lee . . . . . *Atlantic*
Marvell's Poetry, Quality of. Francis Bickley. *No. Amer.*
Marx, Karl, Higher Criticism of. L. L. Bernard . *Forum*
Membranes, The Rôle of, in Cell-processes. R. S. Lillie . . . . . *Popular Science*
Mississippi, Upper, Preparing the, for Modern Commerce. W. C. Tiffany . . . *Review of Reviews*
Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff." Kurt Schindler . . . . . *North American*
Negro Problem, The, as a Southerner Sees It. E. E. Miller . . . . . *Forum*
Newspaper Publicity Law, The. J. Bourne, Jr. *Rev. of Revs.*
New York, Impressions of. Pierre Loti . . . . *Century*
Politics, The Taboo in. Walter Lippmann . . . *Forum*
Prado, Some Titians of the. C. H. Caffin . . . *Harper*
Primitive Knowledge, Our. G. Bourne . . . . *Forum*
Pringle, United States vs. C. G. Pringle . . . *Atlantic*
Psychological Medicine, Advancement of. F. L. Wells . . . . . *Popular Science*
Psychology and the Navy. Hugo Münsterberg. *No. Amer.*
Pyrenees Route, The. C. L. Freeston . . . . *Scribner*
Railway Credit, Question of. Franklin Escher. *No. Amer.*
Salt Concretions, Immense. F. G. D. Harris. *Pop. Science*
Scotticisms and Americanisms. T. R. Lounsbury. *Harper*
Social Order, The, in an American Town. R. S. Bourne . . . . . *Atlantic*
Socialism—What It Is. A. M. Low . . *North American*
Steam-Coach Days. T. M. R. von Kéler . . . *Scribner*
Tariff Revision, Rational. A. K. Fiske . *North American*
Trust Regulation—II. Albert Fink . . *North American*
Udaipur the Unspoiled. F. B. R. Hellems . . . *Harper*
Wilderness, Out of the. John Muir . . . . . *Atlantic*
Woman, Man-made, of Japan. Marian Cox . . . *Forum*
Woman, The Unmarried, of England. J. B. Atkins. *Century*
Whitlock, Brand, Autobiography of—II. . . . *American*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 143 titles, includes books received by The Dial since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Marie-Antoinette: Her Early Youth (1770-1774). By Lady Younghusband. Illustrated, 8vo, 589 pages. Macmillan Co. $5. net.

The Story of the Borgias. By John Fyvie. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 346 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

My Autobiography. By Madame Judith; translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 322 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Recollections of the Civil War. By Mason Whiting Tyler; edited by William S. Tyler. Illustrated, 8vo, 379 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Further Reminiscences. By Henry Mayers Hyndman. 8vo, 544 pages. Macmillan Co. $5. net.

The Personality of Napoleon. By J. Holland Rose, Litt. D. With maps; 8vo, 382 pages. "Lowell Lectures for 1912." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Geoffrey Chaucer. By Emile Legouis; translated from the French by L. Lailavoix, M. A. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 220 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Memoirs Relating to Fouché, Minister of Police under Napoleon I. Translated from the French by E. Jules Méras. With portraits, 12mo, 315 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50 net.

Virgil. By T. R. Glover. Second edition; 12mo, 343 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph. D. New edition; illustrated, 8vo, 333 pages. Harper & Brothers. $2 net.

David Livingstone. By C. Silvester Horne, M. P. With portrait, 12mo, 248 pages. Macmillan Co. 50 cts. net.

HISTORY.

The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754. By George Louis Beer. In 2 volumes, 8vo. Macmillan Co. $4 net.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Volume I., 1779-1796. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 508 pages. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

A History of South America, 1854-1904: With an Additional Chapter Bringing the History to the Present Day. By Charles Edmond Akers. Illustrated, large 8vo, 716 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6. net.

Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution. By Ernest F. Henderson. Illustrated, 8vo, 456 pages. G. P Putnam's Sons. $4. net.

The Political Debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. With Introduction by George Haven Putnam, Litt. D. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 284 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The War Drama of the Eagles. By Edward Fraser. Illustrated, large 8vo, 444 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. net.

England and the Orleans Monarchy. By Major John Hall. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 452 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

The Conquest of New Granada. By Sir Clements Markham. 8vo, 232 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1702-1705, 1705-1706, 1710-1712. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Large 4to, 369 pages. Richmond: Virginia State Library.

English Rule in Gascony, 1199-1259, with Special Reference to the Towns. By Frank Burr Marsh, Ph. D. 8vo, 178 pages. Ann Arbor: George Wahr. $1.25 net.

The Chronology of Modern India for Four Hundred Years from the Close of the Fifteenth Century, A. D. 1494-1894. By James Burgess. Large 8vo, 483 pages. Edinburgh: John Grant.

Seward and the Declaration of Paris: A Forgotten Diplomatic Episode, April-August, 1861. By Charles Francis Adams. 8vo, 61 pages. Boston: Privately printed by the author. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Vital Lies: Studies of Some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism. By Vernon Lee. In 2 volumes, 12mo. John Lane Co. $5. net.

Keble's Lectures on Poetry, 1832-1841. Translated by Edward Kershaw Francis. In 2 volumes, 12mo. Oxford University Press. $4. net.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. Volume IX., From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift. Large 8vo, 667 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century. By E. S. Roscoe. Illustrated, 8vo, 293 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

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